

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1897.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6½d.



1. H.M.S. "Rodney," Cleared for Action, in Canea Bay.  
*From a Sketch by H. E.*

2. Landing Marines to Occupy the Town.  
3. View through a Telescope on Board H.M.S. "Rodney."

4. A Torpedo-Boat Destroyer being Coaled by her Parent Ship.  
5. Watching the Fighting from H.M.S. "Rodney."

THE EASTERN CRISIS: SCENES IN CANEA BAY.

*From Sketches by R. H. Boyle, H.M.S. "Rodney."*



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is now the fashion for the doctors to recommend to their aged and weakly patients an occasional "day in bed," in some cases as often as once a week. It is said to rest body and mind, and produce, to a certain extent, recuperation. "There comes a time," says Thackeray, "when we no longer recuperate," but that's another story. The plan, I am assured, is a capital one, especially as regards those who are not actually invalids, but who have only "run down." On these it has a certain moral effect from the reflections it engenders; for the experience is a novel and striking one. A day in bed is a day passed out of the world; not only out of its business and bustle, but away from the society of one's fellow-creatures and all that constitutes social life. We know from the distant roar of the streets that locomotion is going on as usual, but we have no connection with it; it might be the diapason of the sea, so little it concerns us. We miss our friends as we lie in solitude and weariness; but why, being full of affairs and having their time occupied in pleasure or profit, should they miss us? We most of us entertain a sneaking conviction that the world would not get on so well—or, at all events, the same—if we were removed from it. A day in bed helps to destroy this illusion; it is, in fact, only a foretaste of what will happen when we lie upon the bed from which there is no rising. Perhaps a friend or two drop in; they did not know we were in bed—how should they? It made no difference to their usual avocations. They are a little more surprised, perhaps, at our being there than simply "out of sorts" upon the sofa. It impresses them more. They feel it creates a certain gap between their lives—the routine of their day—and ours; but to us it is a gulf. The day that Titus lost is nothing to it. We have only said *au revoir* to the world, but it seems like a good-bye. The experience itself, too, is strange: the not getting up when the rest of the household is afoot; the endeavouring, perhaps, to read or write as usual, at great inconvenience; the melancholy meals, which if the Romans took as they reclined, they must have had exceptionally good digestions; the listening to the clock (to which we were wont to pay no attention) as it strikes the leaden-footed hours, and the ebb and flow of the human tide in the street, which also marks them whereof we are no longer a wave; the indifference to the weather, of which so much is thought when we are up and about; rain and sunshine, storm and calm, are of almost as little consequence to us as they will be when we take a fuller rest for a longer day. People call and are not, as we hear, admitted; that, too, suggests a later occasion, when kind inquiries will be left after the family, but we ourselves have departed without leaving an address. To the chronic invalid these things are commonplace and will have no significance, but if for once and away we spend "a day in bed" they strike us.

A legal correspondent in America sends me something new (and, I hope, true) about crocodile's—no, counsel's tears, and their influence upon the mind of a jury—

In the case of Ferguson and Moon, wherein the appellant was cast in damages by a jury for breach of promise to marry Miss Moon, the Supreme Court of Tennessee has refused to grant a new trial on the ground that the jury was influenced by the repeated weeping of the plaintiff's counsel in his address to the jury.

The Court held it a privilege of barristers to shed tears when addressing a jury, and intimated that an advocate who possessed the power of weeping at will and failed to exercise it properly in behalf of his clients would be guilty of a breach of professional duty.

Peyton, the great American lawyer, was once engaged for the prosecution in a criminal case and the prisoners were defended by two advocates of ability—

One of these, Mr. Stuart, afterwards Secretary of the Interior, had a singular faculty of shedding at will abundant tears at any select passage of his address to the jury. On this occasion the sympathy of the Court seemed to be with him, and the copiousness of his pathos overwhelmed Peyton, who was still more confounded and annoyed when the second counsel took exactly the same line, and even outpoured his predecessor. Peyton then rose, and regretted the great disadvantage the commonwealth laboured under on that occasion in being represented by him, for he confessed he was a very poor hand at crying, and certainly he felt himself quite unable to cry against two at a time. This happy turn completely got rid of the favourable impression created by the copious flow of his adversaries' eloquence.

In England Judges retain the power to extreme old age of squeezing out a tear or two when passing a sentence of death—a very exceptional occasion—but one seldom sees a crying barrister. There is no reason, however, why this gift should not be cultivated. A nicely edged lace pocket-handkerchief would be a pleasing addition to the ordinary paraphernalia of wig, gown, and bands, and in graceful hands would doubtless prove effective. When the ladies shall "walk in silk attire" as Q.C.s, this accomplishment would be absolutely necessary if men are to hold their own. The learned Serjeant who was so affected by Mr. Pickwick's designing conduct in the matter of chops and tomato sauce lost an excellent opportunity, as Mr. Adolphus told Dickens, in omitting to mention that another name for the tomato is the "love-apple." This the great novelist ruefully acknowledged he had forgotten. The recollection of this touching circumstance would certainly have been a good excuse for a forensic tear.

Before these lines meet my readers' eyes the manuscripts of Keats's "Endymion" and "Lamia" will probably have been disposed of by auction. They are not nearly so valuable as his "Hyperion" would be (perhaps the noblest fragment of a poem in the world) or his "Ode to the Nightingale," but precious enough, one would think, to any lover of Keats to fetch a good price. I hope they may go to the British Museum, but competition from Americans, who appreciate our literature if not ourselves, is always to be feared. I am not greedy after such things myself. I do not covet a whole volume like the manuscript of "Paradise Lost"; one selected play of Shakspeare's (let us say "Hamlet") would satisfy my aspiration; but I should dearly like to have the original of Tennyson's "Break, break, break," or of his "Tears, idle Tears." Somebody has got them, but notwithstanding this delicate hint—people are so selfish—will probably keep them. No literary relic is to be compared with the actual words written by living fingers, which have evoked smiles and tears from generations of readers. As a general rule, poets have attached no value to these early manuscripts, and hence so many of them have been destroyed, while their later productions when fame has been assured are not always so valuable.

The death of Mr. Henry Betty, a well-known actor, will bring some of my readers, rather unexpectedly, face to face with the past. "The Infant Roscius" seems to have been almost as far removed from us as though he had been a (young) ancient Roman, yet the recently deceased gentleman was his son. It appears amazing that the son of a man who had attained fame and fortune at the beginning of the century could have died, and not at a great age, but the other day; the explanation of the fact lies, of course, in the singularity of his father having won his popularity when in years he was but a schoolboy. What that popularity was there are but few left to remember—while to us who have only read of it, it seems almost incredible. A contemporary writes of it that it was "an epidemic mania; the doors of the theatre where the boy was to perform were crowded from early morning, and when the hour of admittance came the crush was so dreadful that numbers were nightly injured." William Henry West Betty had not reached his twelfth year when he appeared in the Belfast Theatre as Osman in the tragedy of "Yara." Then he went to Cork, to Glasgow, and to Edinburgh, the enthusiasm with which he was received increasing like a snowball. His great success was in Romeo. This is now difficult to imagine. We have seen some oldish Juliets, but never a childish Romeo. One would think that the absurdity of the situation would have been too much for its interest, but such was not the case. In Scotland he made a great hit with Young Norval (which seems less extraordinary), and drew from the venerable author a declaration that he was "the genuine offspring of Douglas." After an immense provincial success he was engaged at Covent Garden at fifty guineas a night and a clear benefit, while performing at Drury Lane on the same terms on the alternate nights—an arrangement unprecedented in the history of the stage. His terms were presently raised to double the above amount, and he soon quitted the stage with a large fortune, accumulated at a period of life when ordinary boys are entering a public school. Years afterwards—not from necessity, but from a fancy that was no longer an aspiration—he again went on the stage, and though he achieved no success, is described as having been a respectable actor. Most people have heard more of "the Infant Roscius" than of the grown-up one after whom he was named. He "flourished" on the Roman stage about 60 B.C., and was so popular that his daily stipend for acting was a thousand denarii, or about £32 English money.

I have often thought that instead of books about the Boyhood of Great Men, which leave a good deal to the imagination, since nobody remembers their boyhood, or thinks of making any note of it till after they become famous, what a much more interesting volume might be composed of "What Boys have Done," i.e., while they were still boys. In some respects, certainly as regards making money, "the Infant Roscius" would be at the top of the tree, but his talents were probably inferior to those of several other boys. Chatterton, of course, was an intellectual prodigy far beyond him. At seventeen years of age his contributions sustained the reputation of the *London, Gospel, Town and Country*, and *Court and City* magazines, as well as of the *Political Register*. William Henry Ireland, though he had little gift for literature, must have certainly had talent of some sort to have forged a play of Shakspeare, and persuaded Dr. Parr and a host of antiquarians that it was genuine. In this Kemble was persuaded to act, and Sheridan to produce it at Drury Lane. Nor should the boys who so greatly distinguished themselves at sea be forgotten. When the frigate *La Tribune* was wrecked off Halifax, such was the fury of the storm that for some time no one could be induced to go to their relief, which was at length accomplished by the example of a boy of thirteen, who put off in a small skiff, and by incredible exertions got so near the foretop that he took off two men—all his little boat could hold. Of the heroism of boys in battle there are many authenticated instances which only require a biographer. When the *Antelope* engaged the men-of-war off

Brest, a midshipman of sixteen had both his legs shot away, but while under the surgeon's hands, hearing the crew cheering, he flourished his hand over his head, and with his last breath joined in their shout of triumph.

Of the precocity of painters and musicians we have many examples. Haydn was but a choir-boy when, picking up an old treatise of harmony on a stall, he learned to compose, and astonished the world before he was in his teens. At nine years of age Mozart was a celebrity. None of these wonders of precocity, however, equal that juvenile phenomenon of learning (of whom much less is known), Thomas Williams Malkin. Before he could articulate, when a letter was named, he would immediately point to it with his finger. At three he wrote letters to his family and others. At five he had not only read English with perfect fluency, but understood it with critical precision. At six he invented a visionary country, called Allestone, of which he drew a map, giving names of his own invention to the principal mountains, rivers, towns, etc. He wrote a history of it in which he displayed a most fertile imagination, and the island was no doubt as real to him as that on which he lived. His "Memoirs" were published by his father in a volume that is, I believe, exceedingly rare. It could hardly have been one of those huge biographies which are now printed about much less interesting people, for he died before he attained the seventh year of his age.

Whether there are "more worlds than one" outside this planet is a question that will probably be debated by the philosophers till it is settled without their assistance; but that there are a good many worlds upon the earth itself differing from one another in size and the nature of their inhabitants is certain. Some of them increase, and some decrease; but that which has attained the greatest proportions of late years is the Sporting World. It was formerly confined almost exclusively to "horsey" people, but it now comprises a vast multitude who practise, or at least patronise, every description of athletics. Still, until the other day, when "The wheels of chance" immortalised cycling, it was only with the equine race that sporting literature deigned to deal. It can boast of some really good authors: Laurence, and Hawley Smart, and Whyte-Melville, and, above all, the man to whom we owe the "Soapy Sponge" series. Mr. Jogglebury Crowdsley, the collector of walking-sticks cut and carved by himself into a farcical resemblance to the heads of eminent persons, is a character one's memory will not easily let die; and the old lord, the M.F.H., who, in a strange house, where he has gone for hunting, sleeps as usual in the same room with his whipper-in. "Jack," he says, "get up and see what the morning's like." He opens what he thinks is a shutter, but it is the door of a cupboard: "Dark as the Devil and smells of cheese," is his reply.

These gallant novelists, some of them famous riders as well as writers, have all had their day, and reached their goal. Their chief successor, perhaps from the modesty that is one of the characteristics of the true sportsman, is content to be known only by his initials. "G. G.," however, is obviously one of the right sort, and by no means ashamed of his calling. Though never offensive, he uses the slang that is the language of horsey circles, and the very name of his latest novel, "Great Scot," is (I am given to understand) one of its ejaculations. The story is, in fact, the autobiography of a jockey, in which a horse plays so important a part that he can hardly be called "second fiddle"; while the heroine, Miss Tessie, though an excellent girl, is "a bad third." "G. G."—no doubt this is a joke for "gee-gee," by-the-bye, which I am ashamed to say I have only just discovered—is very frank in his revelations. He is evidently of opinion that if a man would make his living by horses he must not be too scrupulous. Like the Yorkshireman who was asked how he managed to do so well as an honest man, he confesses that "one must mix it a little." There were, alas! races when Great Scot, though he might have won with ease, "failed to make any show," and was very far from doing his best. "To write of such things as a moralist," says "G. G.," "is painful." Nevertheless he occasionally indulges in reflections which are of an edifying nature. "Retribution," he says, "comes with the 'big head'—"

When, for instance, man—proud man!—dressed in a little brief garment of which he ought to be ashamed, cannot on uprising brush his hair properly for fear of an explosion in his head, and goes down on his hands and knees to empty the water-bottle—when, seeing him so distinguish himself, we fail to draw the correct conclusions, the fault is ours, not his. Those evening festivities with congenial friends are enjoyable while they last—not longer.

The novel, indeed, is not only amusing, but, considering its slight material and few characters, possesses considerable interest. It gives the reader information, in a lively style, about a state of things of which he is probably quite ignorant, though it has become a part of our national life. What seems very curious, the ladies of the sporting community seem to take quite as much interest in its pursuits as their husbands and brothers. Tessie looks forward not only to her honeymoon but to the "Metropolitan Meetings" which will take place during that period; she cannot refuse a lover who has won the Grand National. "How plucky he is!" is her reflection. "The heart of a lion in a ten-stone man; yes, I'll take him."



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE EASTERN CRISIS.

Greece has not submitted to the Powers, but her reply to the Identical Note is couched in terms of extreme moderation. There is no defiance, only an appeal; and though some of the Powers may read nothing but contumacy in the Greek Note, the moral effect on public opinion in Europe, as distinguished from the opinion of diplomats, is very favourable to Greece. The Athens Cabinet adheres to the opinion that the annexation of Crete by the Greeks, and not autonomy, is the true remedy; still, Greece is ready to waive her immediate claims, and withdraw her fleet, if the Powers will accept the services of the Greek troops for the pacification of the island, and will give the Cretans an early opportunity of declaring their own wishes as to their future. This, on the face of it, is much more reasonable than the demand for the unconditional withdrawal of Colonel Vassos and his men, and the retention of Turkish troops as "police." This latter condition has done infinite mischief, by exciting suspicion, not in Greece only, as to the good faith of the Concert and its "absolutely effective autonomy." With the Greek troops under European control as a gendarmerie, order would soon be restored in Crete. It has certainly not been restored by the allied fleets and the allied marines, and it is more than doubtful whether, with the blessed help of Turkish "police," they would be any more successful. The *Times* contends that the presence of Greek troops is the chief provocation of disorder—a perverse misreading of a situation which became obviously worse when the Admirals landed their marines at Canea. There is no valid reason why an honourable compromise should not be made on the basis of the Greek suggestions. There will be time for serious consideration, as Mr. Balfour has denied that the Identical Note was an ultimatum to Greece, and the French Prime Minister has assured the Chamber that there will be no precipitate action. Second thoughts are not beneath the dignity even of the Powers. They have addressed a Supplementary Note to the Porte, the first document having omitted all mention of the Turkish forces in Crete. The Supplementary Note impresses upon the Porte the necessity of ordering the concentration of the imperial troops in the island in the fortified coast places now in the possession of the Powers. How this concentration is to be effected if the Sultan, according to his wont, should put obstacles in the way, does not appear, nor what is to be done if the Turkish "police," who distinguished themselves at Canea by murdering their Colonel, should help the Moslem population to agitate against autonomy. It is generally thought that Greece will withdraw her ships, but that no blockade of her ports can make her withdraw her troops, who, rather

Cretan insurgents and the Turkish forces is reported from Akrotiri, and the popular excitement in Athens runs high pending the action of the Powers in response to the Greek reply to their Collective Note. The Greek Vice-Consul for Crete, with his staff, and the correspondents of Greek newspapers have been compelled to quit the island. Alarming reports of hostile operations by Greek insurgents on the Thessalian frontier have also been received. The despatch of Greek troops to the Thessalian frontier continues apace, and the 2nd Regiment of Artillery is under orders for the same destination. The Crown Prince is said to be on the point of departure for Thessaly to assume the command of the forces there assembled.

Greeks in all parts of the world are infected with the enthusiasm of their countrymen at home. The outburst of this patriotic spirit is particularly strong in the United States, where the Greek Consul at New York is inundated with letters and telegrams from every part of the country announcing the intention of the senders to return to fight for their country, and it seems probable that special steamers will be chartered to carry the patriots home.

THE UNITED STATES  
AMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."

The farewell banquet to Mr. Bayard at the Mansion House formed an appropriate testimony to the great esteem which the departing American Ambassador has won for himself and his office from all classes of Englishmen during his sojourn within their gates. For it is with genuine regret that England bids farewell to Mr. Bayard, a regret begotten not merely by regard for the many fine qualities of her guest as a citizen of the world, but by an appreciation of his untiring efforts to preserve, and still to augment, not merely an official goodwill, but the close ties of affectionate kinship between the two great English-speaking nations. In the moment of farewell, fortunately, comes the assurance that Mr. Bayard's high ideal of his office will be worthily pursued long after he himself has ceased to be our guest. For the many rumours that have been

current as to his probable successor in the office of United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James's have now given place to the definite announcement that Mr. McKinley has chosen Colonel John Hay, whose name was the first to be mentioned in connection with the forthcoming change at the American Embassy. It is understood that Colonel Hay has accepted the appointment subject to certain contingencies which are not likely to alter his decision, though objection has been raised to his appointment by the Labour leaders and their following by reason of the attitude adopted towards the Labour question in that much discussed book, "The Breadwinners," of which Colonel Hay is commonly believed to be the author. To the majority of his countrymen, however, and equally to his many English friends, Colonel Hay's appointment is very welcome. The new Ambassador is in many respects exceptionally well fitted for the duties of his position. At a time of momentous complexity in the relations between this country and the United States he is known as a politician who combines the staunchest loyalty to his American citizenship with a cordial goodwill for England. He is, moreover, a politician in the widest sense of the term, attached to no particular party, bound up in the interests of no one State. A varied career has given him a wide knowledge of life. By early training a barrister, he practised for a time in the Supreme Court of Illinois, but abandoned the legal profession in 1861 in order to become confidential private secretary to Mr. Lincoln, whom he continued to serve in that capacity throughout his Presidency. During that period he also discharged the duties of aide-de-camp to the President, and served in the field as Lieutenant-Colonel. It was after President Lincoln's death that Colonel Hay entered upon his diplomatic career by accepting the post of Secretary of Legation and Chargé d'Affaires in Paris. He subsequently held the same offices in Vienna and in Madrid, and then returned to his own country to become First Assistant Secretary of State under President Hayes. For some years past, however, Colonel Hay has not taken any active part in politics, but in the social world to which he belongs he has remained an influential personality, alike in Washington and in his country home in New Hampshire, and his return to the public service has long been expected. He is no stranger to London, for he has made many friends during visits already paid to this country.

In the world of letters no less than in affairs of State, Colonel Hay is a considerable figure. Allusion has already been made to the social study, "The Breadwinners," which attracted much attention a few years ago, and is

popularly attributed to Colonel Hay, but he is certainly not the author of the other political novel, "Diplomacy," with which he has been credited. His share in the vivid biography of Lincoln, which he wrote in collaboration with Colonel Nicolay, is perhaps his most widely known prose work; but it is as a poet that he holds a distinct place in American literature, for his "Pike County Ballads" have long since made his name familiar in England no less than

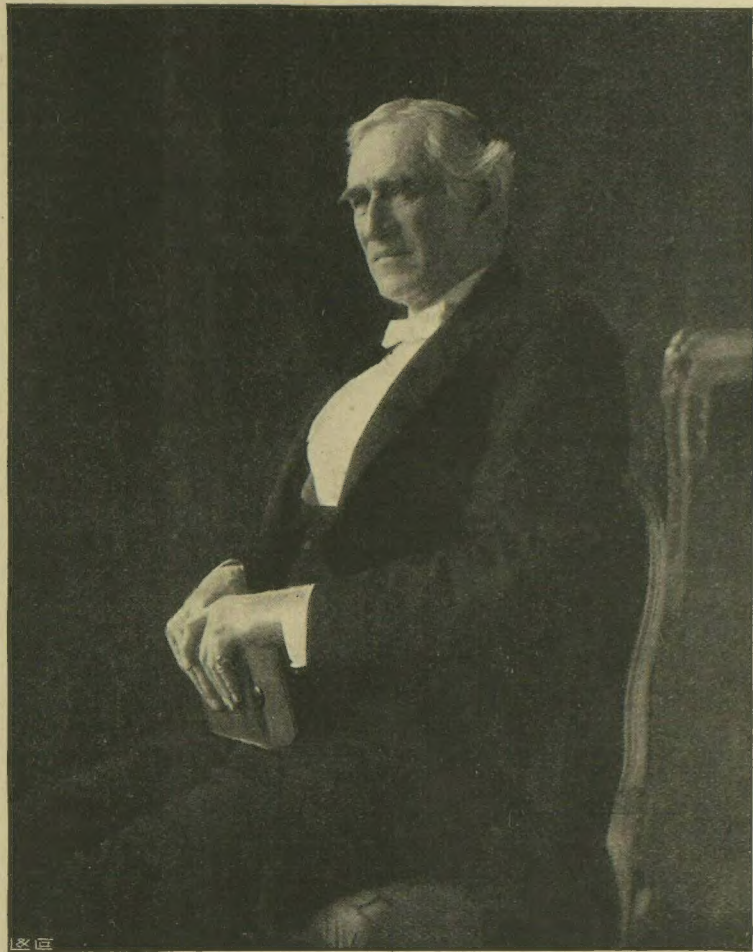


Photo Byrne and Co., Richmond.

MR. BAYARD, THE OUTGOING UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND.

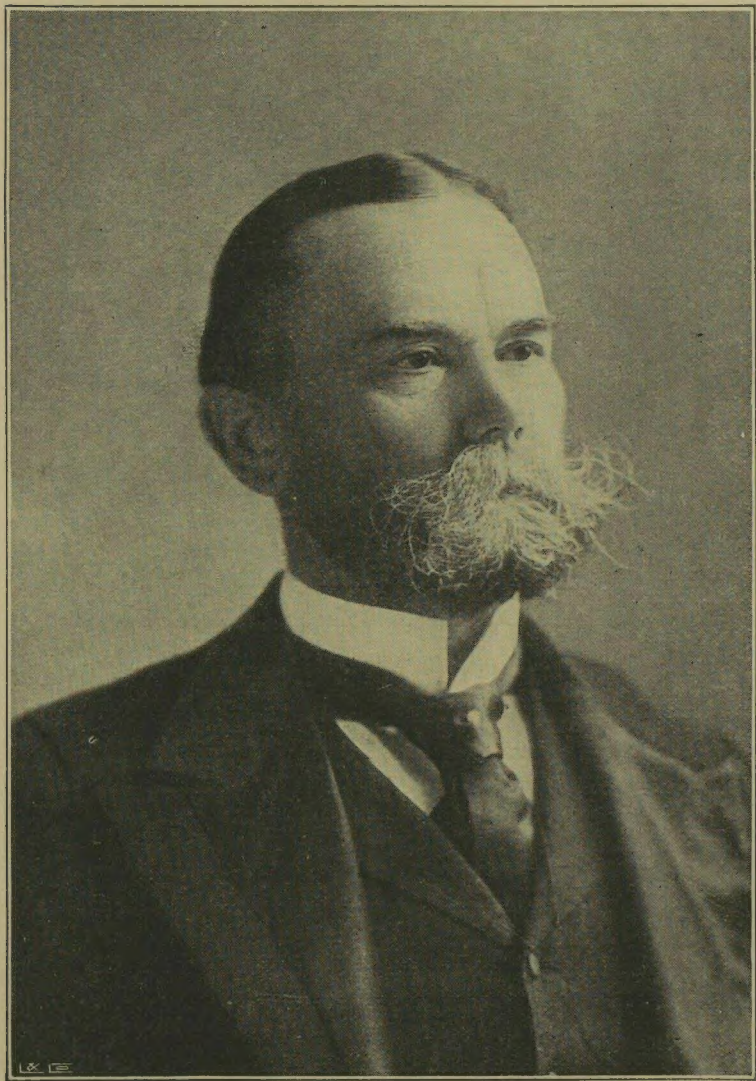


Photo Bell, Washington.

COLONEL JOHN HAY, THE NEW UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR TO ENGLAND.

than comply with the demand of the Concert, will resign their allegiance to King George and make common cause with the insurgents. Meanwhile, popular opinion in England finds expression at public meetings in Hyde Park and elsewhere, and more significantly still in many offers to the Greek Minister of the services of English volunteers to fight for Greece. In Crete there has been a renewal of sharp fighting, and very tardily the Admirals have despatched an expedition for the relief of Kandamos, where Colonel Vassos, had he been allowed, would have averted all danger of massacre. As we go to press nothing is yet known of the development of the situation in this quarter, but a fresh outbreak of hostilities between the

in America by their true dramatic quality, their sturdy optimism, and their large humanity. Colonel Hay's stirring verse has a simple vigour peculiarly suited to his range of subjects when it covers the nobler qualities latent in the roughest characters of a young community. Many who do not even know the author's name are familiar with the story, beloved of the reciter, of that rough diamond of heroic end, Jim Bludso, with its hopeful moral—

He weren't no saint—but at judgment  
I'd run my chance with Jim,  
'Longside of some pious gentlemen  
That wouldn't shook hands with him.  
He'd seen his duty, a dead-sure thing—  
And went for it thar and then,  
And Christ aint a-going to be too hard  
On a man that died for men.

## PARLIAMENT.

There has been the usual cross-examination of the Government on the Cretan question, with some protests by Mr. Curzon against inquiries without notice. One well-established precedent to which the Under-Secretary is faithful is never to have with him a copy of any document on which he is likely to be asked a question. "I would rather not speak from memory," says Mr. Curzon, with impressive gravity. When invited to send to the Foreign Office and procure for the House a copy of the document, Mr. Curzon is astonished at such unprofessional levity. All Under-Secretaries are like this; but it must be admitted that the present representative of foreign affairs in the Commons is *facile princeps*. Ministers are working doggedly at their Education Bill, making free use of the closure. The Opposition are fighting the measure line by line, and even word by word. Mr. Balfour has been invited to define a "necessitous school" under the Bill, and to provide for Parliamentary control over the distribution of the money. Perceiving that every definition brings its cloud of amendments, Mr. Balfour has contented himself with defining the discussion as "inartistic obstruction," to the dignified sorrow of Radicals below the gangway. The work of Famine Relief in India continues to occupy a good deal of attention. In reply to a question from Mr. Leuty, Lord George Hamilton has denounced, as unfounded, any allegations, direct or implied, that the system of relief now at work was insufficient. He quoted the telegram received last month from the Government stating that in all the provinces relief arrangements were adequate and working well. That report had since been confirmed, and he was not informed of any further steps that could advantageously be taken, though the Government was ready to welcome further suggestions for the more speedy relief of the distress. In the House of Lords the Duke of Devonshire has performed the unwonted feat of lecturing his own colleagues in the Commons. The opportunity came on Lord Templetown's Bill for Women's Suffrage, which the Duke snuffed out by moving the previous question. He remarked that to initiate in the Lords legislation that would affect the constitution of the Commons was not quite seemly. It reminded him too much of the levity with which another Women's Suffrage Bill had been read a second time on a Wednesday afternoon in the other House; and he regretted that the necessary protest on that occasion had been made only by the leader of the Opposition.



## EXPANSIVENESS.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

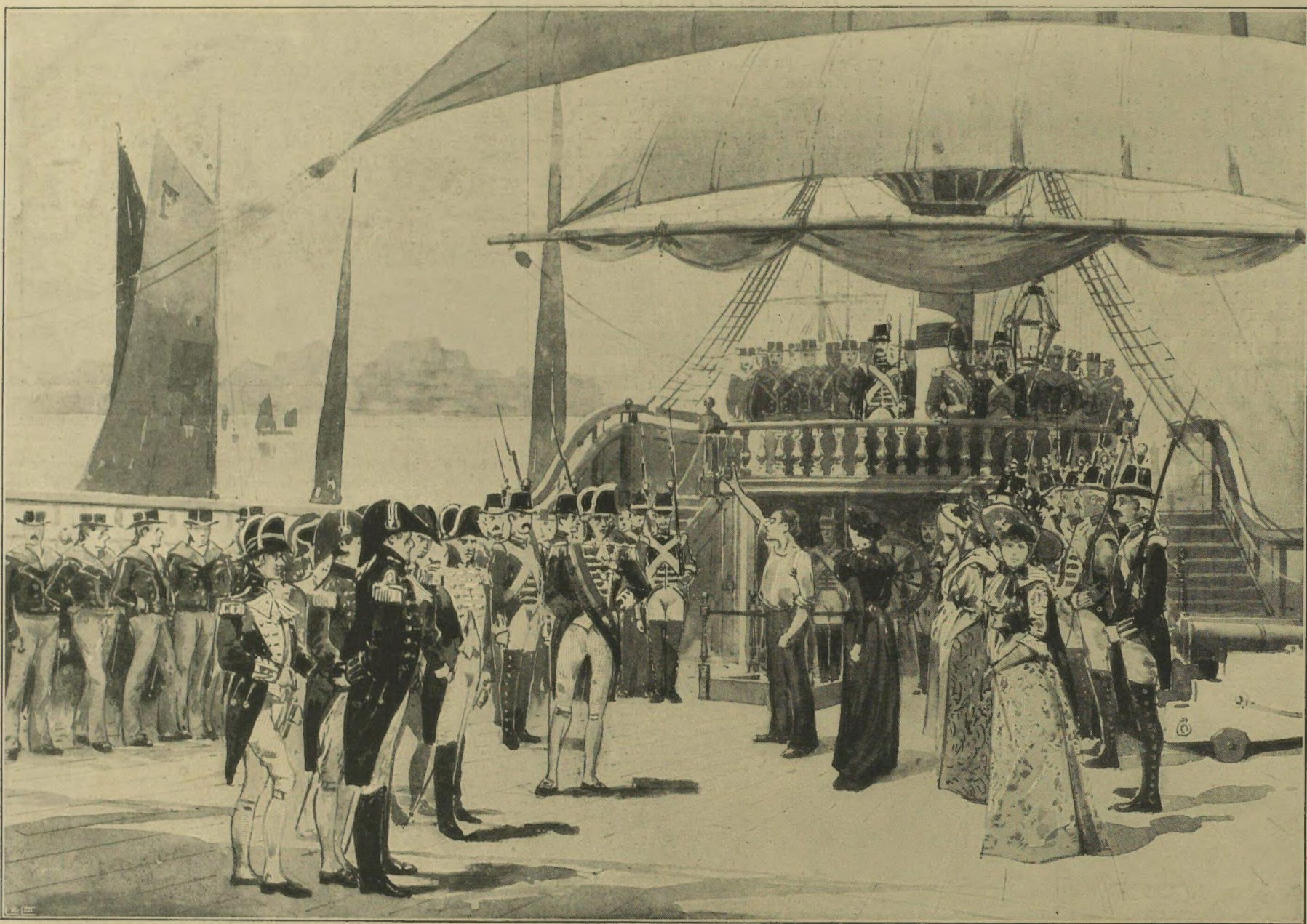
When John Stuart Mill was a boy, he used to go at times for a long visit to Jeremy Bentham at Ford Abbey, in Dorsetshire. Now Ford Abbey is one of the noblest, largest, and most expansive houses in all England; and Mill, in his "Autobiography," remarks more than once on the widening effect produced upon his nature by those spacious halls, those airy corridors, those park-like stretches of meadow and pasture-land. He was not caged, cribbed, confined. Mind and body had elbow-room. I often feel how true is this observation of Mill's, with its implied opposite. To be brought up between the walls of cramped small rooms, among narrow streets, in a town without playgrounds, lungs, or pleasure-gardens, must surely tend to cramp and narrow the outlook, to dwarf the intellect, to restrict the sympathies; while to be brought up in large and spacious surroundings, among open fields, with free downs to ramble over, must surely tend to breadth and universality. I do not mean, of course, that mere space by itself will make a small nature into a big one; nor that a tiny room in a tiny house will entirely restrain the soaring wings of a Shelley. I mean only that narrowness of space must still further restrict the restricted mind—nay, must help even to confine the naturally open; while free

opposed to the routine of the office or the counting-house; and by living high and dry on plains or table-lands, as opposed to the close and foggy river-valleys. Where a man can see all round him from a height, he broadens his horizon. The narrowest people in Europe, I think, are the people of deep glens and mountain basins like the Valais; the broadest are the inhabitants of the wide plains and grass-clad plateaus. Sailors, from their habit of never looking beyond the deck and the rigging, become commonly short-sighted; the eye forgets to adapt itself to more extensive ranges. On the other hand, mountain guides and herdsmen grow accustomed to seeing and hearing at very great distances; and if you talk with them you will find they are generally, for their class, most broad-minded people. It was shepherds of the boundless Assyrian plains who invented astronomy—the widest of the sciences; it is mountaineers as a body who supply all the most powerful vocalists to the opera. Men trained for generations to trill jodels to one another across vast spaces of hillside acquire an hereditary expansiveness of lung and a power of larynx which culminate at last in high vocal efficiency. "There never was a great painter," says Mrs. Meynell in one of her wise essays, "who had not exquisite horizons." I admit that these various forms of expansiveness are sufficiently heterogeneous; but they are alike at least in the one central point of expansion.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE MARINERS OF ENGLAND," AT THE OLYMPIC.

Admiral Field will be less happy than ever, for while he objected to "Nelson's Enchantress" as transferring to the stage that emotional background of the great Admiral which is quite historical, "The Mariners of England," produced at the Olympic on March 9, makes Nelson the victim of a would-be assassin, the patron of a romantic love affair, and the sidelight on a long-lost-her story, which owe their existence solely to the vivid melodramatic imagination of Mr. Robert Buchanan and "Charles Marlowe" (Miss Harriet Jay). In the town of Dover blind old Admiral Talbot consoled himself for the loss of his son by keeping his niece Mabel (Miss Keith Wakeman) and his nephew Captain Lebaudy (Mr. Herbert Sleath) in his house. He wanted Mabel to marry the Captain, but she preferred a village lad, Harry Dell (Mr. Charles Glenney), who had been rescued from a wreck, and went into the Navy under Nelson. Need it be said that he was Talbot's son, the fact being suppressed by Lebaudy, who, not content with robbing him of his birthright and his sister—whom he secretly married—wished to destroy his chances of marrying Mabel? Lebaudy, who was in league with France, planned an assassination of Nelson (Mr. W. L. Abingdon), who was staying with old Talbot, on the



"THE MARINERS OF ENGLAND," AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Harry Dell (Mr. Charles Glenney) denounced on board the "Victory" for the attempted assassination of Lord Nelson.

space must assist in developing whatever there is of large and expansive in each particular character.

Especially must this be the case at the very climacteric and turning-point of life, when young men are forming their first adult impressions. Most English lads who have passed through the regular University training have realised what a valuable influence was exerted upon their lives by those broad quadrangles, those high-pitched dining-halls, those solemn and lofty chapels, those shady walks through great areas of meadow. These things, perhaps, had quite as much to do with moulding their minds and forming their characters as the lectures in Fellows' Quad or the examinations "in Parvise." The atmosphere counted for rather more than the instruction. The mere freedom of University life—the boating, the cricket, the hunting, the club—all helped in their way to give breadth of outlook. I sometimes used to fancy, indeed, I could detect a slight difference of tone in this matter between the men who came from the larger and more spacious colleges, such as Trinity, Magdalen, or Christ Church, and the men who came from smaller and more confined foundations, which regard for the feelings of their existing inmates forbids me to specify. Nay, I even imagined that in certain colleges where undergraduates were permitted to walk on the sacred turf of the quads, there was a freer tone of intercourse between the junior members and the Dons than in other colleges where that jealously guarded freedom of the grass was confined by rule to Fellows and Graduates.

So, too, it seems to me, in life at large a certain expansiveness is fostered in the mind by open-air existence, as

May not what is thus true of visible space be true, too, of space at large, and of time in a certain measure? It is a commonplace to say that people who travel much tend on the average to be wide-minded—though, to be sure, we have the case to the contrary of the typical British sailor, who has usually visited half the ports in the world, and sometimes knows little more about them than the relative price of rum in the different countries. Still, as a rule, width of orbit in space results (in a certain rough ratio) in width of mental orbit, other things equal. Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits. And here, again, I think those who have travelled most on the open, by horse, by camel, by boat, or on foot, are more expansive on the average than those who have only travelled in closed railway trains. If you talk to gipsies, to itinerant circus men, and to the frequenters of fairs, you will probably be astonished at their cosmopolitan ideas and their breadth of outlook. They can generally read maps with singular acuteness. As regards time, once more, the educational effect of contact with things Egyptian, Assyrian, archaic, prehistoric, even on the minds of workmen employed in excavations, is very noticeable. Centuries fade before them; they grow familiar with dead types of thought and action. If you go far enough back, too, and know enough about early and savage ways, you rid yourself of numberless narrower preconceptions of our own civilisation; you learn that many things which seemed to you inevitable are merely conventions of a particular society. To Europeans, even the tropics are, in this way, invaluable: they upset at one fell swoop half one's most cherished ideas as to political economy and the relations of classes.

cliffs at Dover. The Admiral's life was saved in the nick of time by the appearance of Dell. That hero was arrested as the assassin, and was court-martialled on board the *Victory*. But the real perpetrator, a man Marston, who had been dismissed from the Navy for espionage, was captured, and Nelson got the whole story out of him, with its crowning implication of Lebaudy, who was cashiered from the service quietly by Nelson, eager not to break Talbot's heart. Here the story proper ends, but no drama about Nelson would be complete without a tableau of his death in the cockpit of the *Victory*; while no melodrama would go forth without the inevitable act in which the curtain is rung down on explanations, on forgiveness, on vice punished and virtue made happy. So in the fourth act we find Lebaudy dying and confessing, Dell—now raised to the rank of Captain—returning in a white wig and glory, and finding a resting-place in his father's arms. The play is very workmanlike at many points, even although it is unmistakably a modern melodrama put back into the glorious days of Trafalgar; but it is not dull, and, on the whole, it is very vividly acted.

The Great Northern Railway Company have again issued a very handy book containing lists of the principal dog and poultry shows, cattle and horse fairs, racing fixtures, and agricultural shows for 1897. The list is produced in convenient pocket form, and copies may be obtained gratis on application to the superintendent of the line, King's Cross Station, or to the company's provincial agents.



THE EASTERN CRISIS: VIEWS OF CORFU.



Photo Farrougla.

THE PALACE OF THE KING OF GREECE IN THE TOWN OF CORFU.

*This palace in the town of Corfu was formerly the abode of the British Governor, but since the cession of the Ionian Islands to Greece in 1864 it has been used as an occasional residence for the King and Royal Family of Greece.*



THE HARBOUR, CORFU.

*Much excitement now prevails in the island and seaport town of Corfu, where there is an important military station. On March 8 a number of Garibaldian volunteers from Brindisi landed in the harbour on their way to Athens, and were received with a great popular demonstration.*



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen left England on Wednesday last for the Riviera, to arrive at Cimiez, Nice, on Friday. Lord Salisbury had an interview with her Majesty on Monday.

A Drawing-Room was held by the Princess of Wales, on behalf of the Queen, at Buckingham Palace, on Thursday, March 4, when a number of ladies were presented.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Hyères on Friday, March 5, from Paris, and went on board his yacht, the *Britannia*, for the Hyères and the Cannes regattas. His Royal Highness, while in Paris on March 2, exchanged visits with President Faure, and was entertained next day

roofs of buildings were blown down, killing some persons; the Channel and North Sea steam-boats were delayed, or even stopped, for several hours, and two light-ships were set adrift from their moorings, while much commercial shipping was detained in the Thames or in the Downs. A German steamer, the *Syracusa*, of Hamburg, was wrecked near Newquay, on the north coast of Cornwall, and her crew of thirty-five men were drowned. The wind changed to the south-east, accompanied with heavy squalls of rain and hail. Wrecks with loss of life also took place on the coasts of France.

The fifth National Council of Evangelical Free Churches was opened at the City Temple on Tuesday, presided over

into a pit where fourteen men were at work, 300 ft. deep, and eight of them were drowned.

At Newcastle on Friday the fall of a building which was undergoing alterations killed four persons and injured several others.

An action brought by the Maxim-Nordenfeldt Company against the War Office Director-General of Ordnance for the infringement of their patent by the manufacture of cordite, or smokeless gunpowder, for the Government, was decided last week by Mr. Justice Wright, who held that there was no infringement of patent, and gave judgment for the defendant, with costs.

The House of Commons South Africa Inquiry Committee on Friday ended its examination of Mr. Cecil Rhodes with regard to Dr. Jameson's expedition to Johannesburg, and Mr. Cecil Rhodes has left England for the Continent, but will return to London, and will be examined at a later stage of the inquiry concerning the management of the British South Africa Company. On Tuesday Sir Graham Bower, who was Secretary to the High Commissioner, Sir Hercules Robinson (now Lord Rosmead), was the principal witness before the Committee. He admitted that in November 1895 Mr. Cecil Rhodes told him, as a secret, the preparations which he was making to aid the Uitlanders in the intended revolution at Johannesburg, of which Sir Hercules Robinson was never told.

The new President of the United States, Mr. McKinley, came into office on Thursday, March 4, at Washington, taking the oaths in front of the Capitol, in sight of a vast concourse of people, and reading his inaugural address, which recommends peace and the arbitration settlement of international disputes, a protective commercial tariff, an adequate revenue from taxation of foreign products, restoration of the American mercantile marine, sound monetary currency and banking, suppression of injurious trade combinations of capitalists, strict naturalisation and immigration laws, and reform of the Civil Service. Congress meets on March 15 for an extraordinary session. The New York Chamber of Commerce has voted an address to the Senate, urging that the Arbitration Treaty with Great Britain should immediately be confirmed.

## BURNING OF AN HOTEL AT GRINDELWALD.

Tourists in Switzerland of late years have been attracted in large numbers to Grindelwald, as a convenient and agreeable place of sojourn, especially for English family parties, with easy access to views of some of the most renowned features of Alpine scenery. The village is well provided with good accommodation for summer visitors in its various hotels and pensions; but those who have enjoyed in past seasons comfortable entertainment there will naturally regret, in their anticipations of another Swiss tour, the destruction of a house where they had felt themselves quite at home. Such was the case, not long ago, when the favourite old Bear at Grindelwald, a wooden building, was accidentally consumed by fire; and we have now to record a similar disaster in the burning down of the Black Eagle, a modern edifice in the chalet style, kept by one of the Brothers Boss, who own also the Sauvage at Meiringen.

## DAMAGE BY THE STORM AT BOGNOR.

On the Kent and Sussex shores of the Channel, and, more or less, all along our coast from Dover to Bournemouth,



THE BLACK EAGLE HOTEL, GRINDELWALD, RECENTLY DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Photo J. W. Luetl.

by Sir Edmund Monson at the British Embassy, where he met M. Hanotaux, the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

The Princess of Wales, with her daughter Princess Victoria, returned to London on Saturday from a visit of several days to the Queen at Windsor Castle. The Duchess of Albany returned to Claremont. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and on Monday the Duke of York, arrived on a visit to her Majesty. The Empress Frederick of Germany was still with the Queen, but remains in England a few days longer.

The Duke and Duchess of York, on Saturday, opened the new baths and wash-houses in Marylebone Road, where they were received by Sir Horace Farquhar, M.P., Mr. E. Boulnois, M.P., Lord Royston, Mr. E. White, chairman, and other Marylebone Commissioners, by whom these baths have been provided for the parish at a cost of £50,000.

On Tuesday the Duke of York and the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House were entertained by the Lord Mayor with luncheon at the Mansion House.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha has gone to Nice for a sojourn of three weeks, and to meet the Queen there.

A farewell banquet was given last week to the Hon. T. F. Bayard on his retiring from the post of United States Ambassador by the Lord Mayor of London, at which the Marquis of Salisbury made a speech, responding cordially to the friendly sentiments expressed by the American guest towards Great Britain, and encouraging hopes that a good understanding between the English-speaking nations will bring about the reign of justice and of peace all over the world. The Americans in England are preparing a testimonial for Mr. Bayard, with the gift of a valuable gold loving-cup.

A meeting was held at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, on Friday, Mr. G. W. E. Russell, M.P., in the chair, with Lord Coleridge, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, the Rev. Dr. Clifford, and Sir Walter Phillimore as chief speakers, to denounce the employment of British and other European naval forces on the coast of Crete or in a blockade of the Greek ports for the prevention of war between Greece and Turkey. There was an open-air meeting in Hyde Park on Sunday afternoon, when Mr. James Rowlands, Mr. H. J. Reckitt, M.P., Mr. Knox, M.P., Mr. Lough, M.P., the Rev. Dr. Clifford, and others spoke in favour of resolutions to a similar effect. Sir William Harcourt made a speech on this subject last week at Stepney.

The Mansion House Indian Famine Relief Fund has received subscriptions to an amount exceeding £400,000, of which, last week, £365,000 had been sent to India.

The London County Council, on Tuesday, elected Dr. Collins to be its chairman for the ensuing year; he obtained 61 votes against 59 given to Sir Arthur Arnold, the retiring chairman, who was proposed for re-election. Mr. Beachcroft was, by a majority of one vote, elected vice-chairman, and Mr. A. M. Torrance deputy-chairman.

Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, on Friday, addressed a meeting of the London Reform Union, adversely criticising several projects of metropolitan improvement which showed, in his judgment, undue distrust of the London County Council.

In the middle of last week, especially from the Tuesday night to Friday morning, violent storms of wind from the south-west caused much damage all over the southern parts of England, Wales, and Ireland. Many trees, walls, and

by the Rev. Dr. Monro Gibson, and representing seventy-two metropolitan and four hundred provincial federations of Nonconformist Churches. On the motion of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, seconded by the Rev. Dr. Oswald Dykes, a resolution was unanimously passed expressing sympathy with the Cretans and the Greeks.

The Royal Niger Company's successful march to Florin, with the defeat of the Foulahs and the capture of that town on Feb. 16, was briefly reported last week. Major Arnold, commanding under the direction of Sir George Goldie, had two days' fighting against a Foulah army of



RAILWAY STATION AT BOGNOR, PARTLY WRECKED BY THE GALE.

Photo Reynolds, Bognor.

six thousand foot soldiers and six hundred horse, about tenfold the number of the Company's well-trained Houssa force, which was, however, assisted by Maxim and seven-pounder guns, crossing the river Oyo in face of the enemy. Sultan Suliman, with his four "baloguns" or generals, has surrendered and signed a treaty, acknowledging British supremacy in that region.

At the new Dover colliery works recently begun from borings made on the seashore for the Channel Tunnel, a disaster happened on Saturday from the water bursting

great damage was caused by the violent south-easterly gale on Tuesday night and Wednesday last week. The sea-wall at Hythe, the harbour works at Hastings, and some buildings at Eastbourne, at Worthing, and at Arundel and Littlehampton, were injured considerably, those on the beach yielding to the force of the waves; the wind overthrowing many walls and chimneys, and tearing off roofs in exposed parts of these towns. The Bognor railway station, which suffered from the latter cause, may be considered an example of such havoc, in the illustration by a local photographer, which is worthy of notice.



PERSONAL.

M. Theodore Delyannis, the Greek Prime Minister, or, to give him the more exact title of his office, the President of the Greek Chamber, who naturally looms large before the attention of Europe during the present Eastern crisis, comes of an energetic Peloponnesian family, which first rose into prominence towards the end of last century. The future Minister gave promise of the great ability that was in him at a very early age, for his father died while he was still at the University of Athens; yet, by obtaining a small clerkship, he managed to provide not only for himself, but for the education of his younger brothers. Slowly but surely he rose in the public service, and thirty years ago was appointed Greek

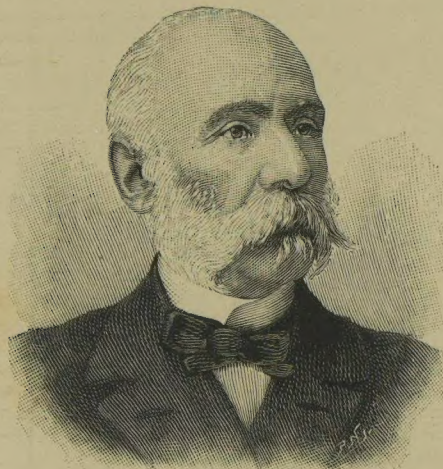


Photo Macropoulos, Athens.  
M. THEODORE DELYANNIS,  
The Greek Premier.

Envoy in Paris. On his return to Greece in 1870 he took up politics, and attached himself to Coumoundouros, who was also the patron of Tricoupis, the destined rival of Delyannis. After being included in the Ecumenical Administration of 1877, M. Delyannis became Minister for Foreign

Affairs in the ensuing Coumoundouros Cabinet, and in that capacity attended the Berlin Congress as chief of the Greek Delegation. His success on that occasion, though it incurred the strong disapproval of Tricoupis, remains indisputable, since its effect was to obtain for Greece the extension of her territory on the Thessalian frontier.

M. Delyannis attained the highest dignity of Greek political life in 1883, but his first Administration proved short-lived, through the complications of the union of Eastern Roumelia and Bulgaria. Tricoupis held the Premiership thereafter until 1891, when the elections restored Delyannis with an overwhelming majority. The latter's financial measures, however, led to his dismissal early in the next year, and Tricoupis returned to power, only to close his fourth Administration by the declaration of public bankruptcy. In April 1895 M. Delyannis returned to office, amid the complete discomfiture of the Tricoupists. He is now in his seventy-fifth year, but age has not yet robbed him of his physical and intellectual vigour, though it may have increased his natural tendency to a temporising hesitation in his attitude towards political questions of all kinds.

Mr. Alfred Billson, who has retained for the Liberal party the seat for Halifax, rendered vacant by the retirement of Mr. Rawson Shaw, is the son of a well-known citizen of Leicester, and was born in that town fifty-eight years ago. He has practised as a solicitor in Liverpool for many years, being a member of the firm of Oliver Jones, Billson, and Co., and his name is prominently connected with local

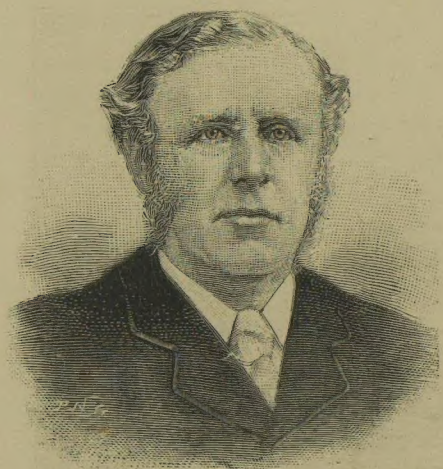


Photo Barrauld, Oxford Street.  
MR. ALFRED BILLSON,  
M.P. for Halifax.

interests of various kinds. He was at one time honorary secretary of the Liverpool Liberal Association, and is one of the proprietors of the *Liverpool Daily Post*. Mr. Billson is not new to Parliamentary life, for he represented the Barnstaple Division of Devon for three years from 1892, but lost his seat to Sir William Gull at the last General Election. In November last he sought to return to the House of Commons as representative for East Bradford, but was defeated by his Conservative rival, the Hon. R. H. Fulke Greville.

Mr. Edmund Garrett, the able editor of the *Cape Times*, has been delivering an angry snarl on the subject of the London Press. He says the Transvaal Government is offering money for the services of London journals; and this leads to the genial remark that there are "undeniable scoundrels" among journalists both here and at the Cape. Mr. Garrett may not intend to insinuate that some of the "undeniable scoundrels" are in the pay of President Kruger, but if that is not his opinion the precise bearing of his observation is not obvious. With regard to Olive Schreiner's work on the South African controversy, Mr. Garrett says that the British public are still taking their political views from a novelist. Well, one novelist in this country was twice Prime Minister, and others have held high office in the State, but nobody ever dreamed of suggesting that their literary work disqualified them for the public service. Since Mr. Garrett went to live at the Cape, his education seems to have been arrested.

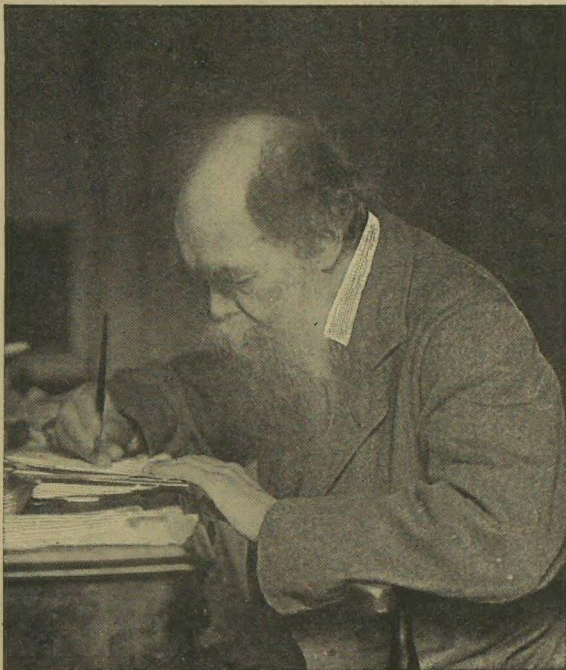
The newly elected Chairman of the London County Council, Dr. W. J. Collins, will no doubt be regarded as an acceptable successor to Sir Arthur Arnold, whose re-election would nevertheless have been satisfactory, in consideration of his own proved merits and services, apart from the rivalry between the Moderate and the Progressive sides in Metropolitan politics. Dr. Collins is a medical man of good standing and



Photo Russell, Baker Street.  
DR. W. J. COLLINS,  
New Chairman of the London County Council.

repute, a distinguished scholar of the London University, and has served on a Royal Commission of Inquiry; he has done good work as a member of the County Council, having held the office of vice-chairman for the past year.

A learned and industrious contributor to the literary compilation of instructive knowledge, and an accomplished scholar in the ancient course of classical studies, has died in his eighty-seventh year. There are many of us who have found his books useful for reference, and the Rev. Dr. Brewer's work for half a century past has not been done in vain. He was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, won



THE LATE REV. E. COBHAM BREWER, LL.D.

honours and prizes and the degree of LL.D. by his proficiency in Latin and in Civil Law, took orders in the Church, but devoted himself chiefly to serviceable book-making, and his "Guide to Science," his "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," and a "History of France" have passed through many editions. He died on March 4 at Edwinstowe Vicarage, Nottinghamshire, the residence of his son-in-law, the Rev. H. T. Hayman.

Sir Frederick William Richards Fryer, who has been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Burma, on the establishment of a local legislature in the province in accordance with the Indian Councils Act, has spent upwards of thirty years in the service of the Empire in India. A son of Mr. F. W. Fryer, of West Moors, Dorset, he was born in 1845, and entered the Bengal Civil Service at eighteen. After some years of

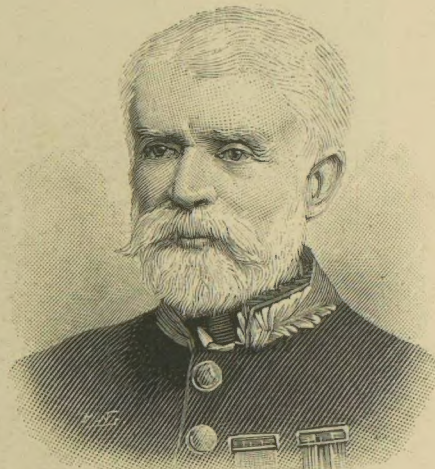


Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.  
SIR FREDERICK W. R. FRYER, K.C.S.I.  
The New Lieutenant-Governor of Burma.

routine work of various kinds, he became Deputy-Commissioner in the Punjab twenty years ago. He served with the Quetta Field Force in the following year, and in 1886 became Commissioner of the central section of Upper Burma. During the next nine years he became successively Financial Commissioner and Acting Chief Commissioner for Burma, and subsequently held the same two offices in the Punjab. He has been Chief Commissioner in Burma for the past two years.

President McKinley is credited with a desire to see the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty ratified in its original form. It is suggested that, with a view to this desirable consummation, the amendments proposed by the Senate shall not be pressed. This way out of the difficulty would not be very creditable to American party spirit, and it would not help Mr. McKinley to pose before his countrymen as a greater statesman than Mr. Cleveland. Still, ratification is worth having, even if the Senate has to confess that it deliberately endangered a great treaty in order to spite a President who was on the point of leaving office.

Sir Alfred Biliotti, who, as British Consul at Canea, is prominently connected with the action of the Powers in Crete at the present crisis, is by birth a Levantine, being the son of the late Mr. Charles Biliotti, formerly Vice-Consul at Macri. Sir Alfred, who was made a K. C. M. G. only last year in recognition of his services in the attempted settlement of the Cretan troubles, is now a man of sixty-four. He entered the Diplomatic Service in 1849 as a clerk in the Vice-Consulate at Macri. In the following year he became Dragoman at Rhodes, where he subsequently held office as Vice-Consul for some seventeen years. In 1873 he was appointed Vice-Consul at Trebizond, and six years later became Consul for the Pashalic of Trebizond. He was transferred to the Consulship of Crete twelve years ago, and his long experience of the native character has invested him with considerable authority in the eyes of the representatives of the Powers at the present crisis. By the desire of the Admirals, Sir Alfred sailed from Canea for Selino on board the *Rodney* last week as the most suitable man to treat with the insurgents at Selino and Kandamos.



SIR ALFRED BILIOTTI, C.B., K.C.M.G.  
British Consul in Crete.

The Pope has received a formal summons to appear before the public notary of a village in Hungary. This does not mean that his Holiness is charged with an act contrary to the public weal of the community. One of the villagers has died, bequeathing his property, valued at two pounds sterling, to the head of the Roman Church, who is expected to make good his claim according to the customary formalities. Of course the Pope cannot go to Hungary. What will become of his legacy?

The Captain of H.M.S. *Thesus*, Mr. Charles Campbell, whose portrait is here reproduced, has earned the gratitude of his countrymen by his gallant conduct at Benin in a situation fraught with danger to the wounded members of the successful punitive expedition. About five o'clock on the afternoon of Feb. 21 a fierce fire broke out in the King's enclosure of the captured city, in which the expeditionary force had taken up its quarters. So sudden and so overwhelming was the outbreak that it was all that the able-bodied could do to escape uninjured, leaving quantities of personal effects and provisions to the flames, and for a moment it seemed as though the wounded soldiers lying in their improvised hospital must be doomed. But the more fortunate members of the force spared no efforts in the rescue of their wounded comrades, and in the few moments that remained for action the hospital was cleared of its occupants. Captain Campbell was the last to leave the burning building, after seeing that not a single patient was left to the enveloping flames, and his plucky direction of the work of rescue is largely responsible for its complete success.



Photo Gregory, Strand.  
CAPTAIN CHARLES CAMPBELL.

Spanish grandees who take to the stage must not play under their own names. One of them lately applied to the proper authorities for permission to sport all his titles on the bill; but a decree has been issued making this illegal. Don Fernando Diaz de Mendoza, etc., must be content to call himself something shorter. It is to be hoped that his manager did not make the engagement contingent upon full advertisement of his style and dignities. In this country there is nothing in law to prevent our old nobility from putting titles and coats-of-arms into the playbill, and it is said that one member of the House of Lords was with great difficulty persuaded not to distinguish himself in this fashion.





A PERILOUS MOMENT.

By R. Caton Woodville, R.I



# A FOUNTAIN SEALED

BY

SIR WALTER BESANT

ILLUSTRATED BY H. G. BURGESS.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE "TOWER OF BRILL."

Leave the love-sick girl. She is best alone. Come now to things of greater importance—to traitors and the clash of arms.

When Edward left me he did not go down the stairs, but climbed up to Captain Sellinger's room.

The Captain, who was in his shirt-sleeves, sprang to his feet in some confusion when he recognised his visitor.

"Sir," he cried. "This surprise—this honour." He offered a chair, but his visitor remained standing.

"I have been paying a morning call upon your fair neighbours," he said. "Do not disturb yourself, Sir. Nay, I entreat: shirt-sleeves will not hinder discourse. Now, Sir," Edward sat down on the table. "Let us talk."

"At your convenience, Sir."

"Well, then, I came here, Captain Sellinger, to confer with you about this plaguey business—of which you know."

The Captain bowed.

"Night after night the coach waits in the court, and I hear the voices of the fellows below. When is it going to end?"

"Indeed, Sir, I know not."

"Will they never grow tired of watching for the opportunity that never comes?"

"We are not tired of defeating their intentions, Sir."

"I believe you are not. Some time or other it will be my duty to acquaint my brother with the whole business. But it is I who am tired of it. Let me tell you, Captain Sellinger, that I am heartily sick of the whole business. Let me tell you, further, that to sneak downstairs and out of St. James's Place under convoy—even the convoy of the Horse Guards—sticks. It sticks in the gullet. And all for half-a-dozen damned Jacobites!"

"And yet, Sir, with submission——"

"Oh, I know—I know," he replied impatiently. "My brother's person must not be exposed to any danger. And his reputation must be kept clear from calumny. Concerning the young lady below, there must be no scandal—no scandal at all, I repeat, Sir." He fixed his eyes earnestly on Captain Sellinger.

"There is none, I believe, Sir."

"Well, Sir. I have considered the case, and I think I have found a way by which my brother will be safeguarded—name and fame and life and limb. But I shall want your help, and that of your fellow the Corporal."

"You shall have both, Sir."

"And your silence, drunk or sober, until the thing is done."

"Sir, I am never drunk till your illustrious brother is safe."

"Ay—ay. We don't drink on board as you drink ashore, otherwise we should be on the rocks or among the breakers very speedily. But of course there are some . . ."

Captain Sellinger, there is a kind of man who, when the drink is in him, babbles like a running brook, the louder and the more foolish the more he drinks. And there is another kind of man whose lips are sealed like wax, the tighter with every glass. To which kind, Captain——" He did not finish the question.

"To the latter kind, Sir. But, indeed, if you doubt, I will undertake to drink nothing—a bottle or so, no more—at a sitting until this business is despatched. As for being tired, Sir, let me entreat you not to think of it. They must grow weary of the nightly watching with the nightly baffling: they must understand, by this time, that their designs are suspected; they will get tired of bribing the Dutch skipper; besides, the nights grow cold; we shall soon have frost and snow."

"It is not certain that they will grow tired."

"The ladies might change their lodging for some place unknown."

"Yes: but I want to give the fellows a lesson, and as sharp as you please."

"I am pleased, Sir, with what pleases you."

"As for the termination of the business below, that, Captain Sellinger, I frankly tell you, lies with my brother, not with me."

Captain Sellinger bowed.

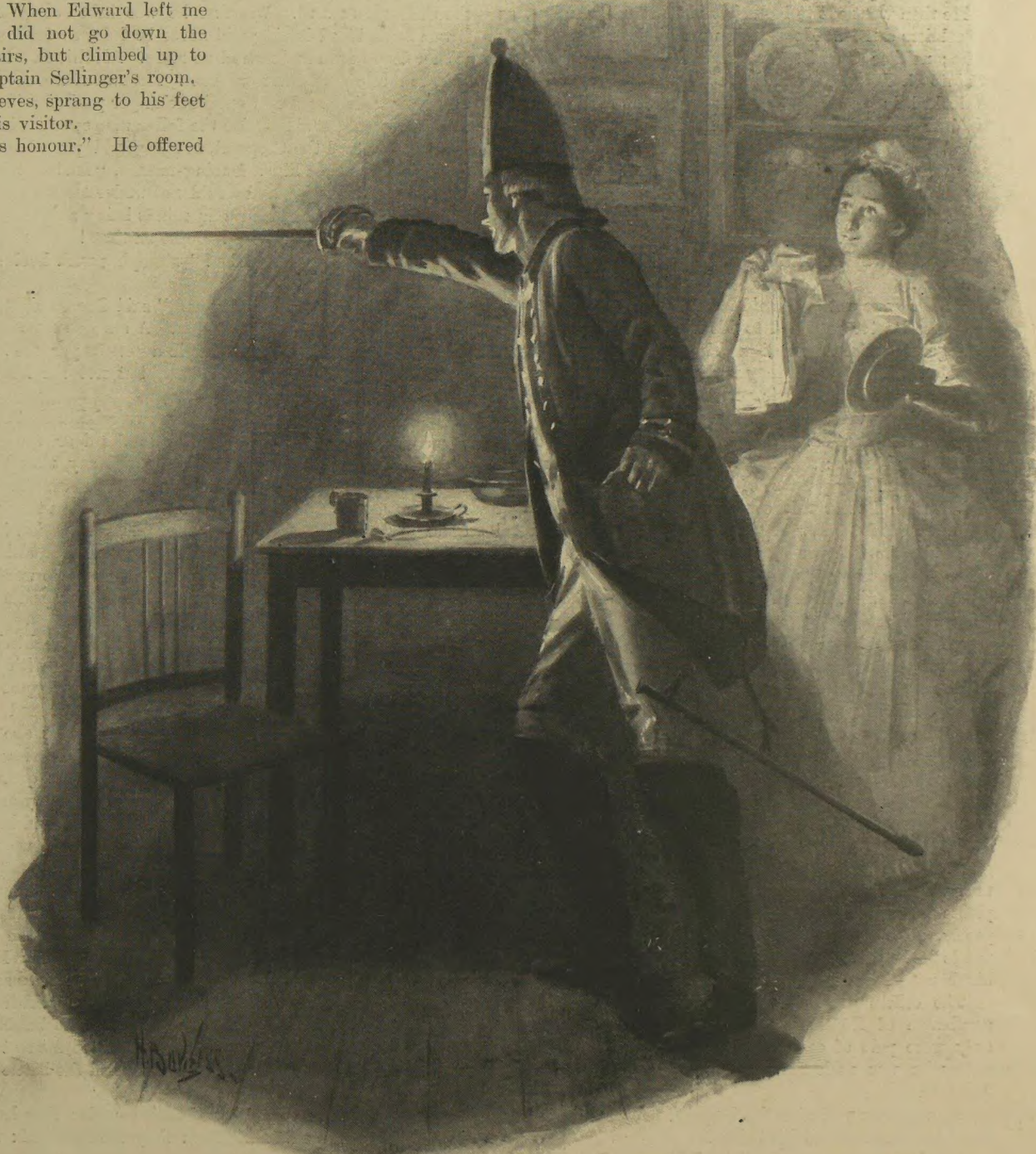
"But the termination of this watching and waiting I will end as soon as I can—and I say that I have found a way in which we may end it without my brother's name being so much as mentioned or suspected."

"If, Sir, I might be trusted——"

"You shall be trusted. Hang it, Captain, I have climbed this steep stair of yours with no other object than to trust you. There will, perhaps, be a little fighting. There are six of them, you say."

"One for the coach: five for the seizure, without counting the old man, the Doctor."

"Good! We are three. Well, this is my plan. The Corporal will get into hiding on the evening of action: under the stairs, or in the kitchen: there will be a light on the wall in the passage—there is a sconce, I believe. You will remain quiet upstairs in your own room. At half-past nine o'clock you will come down and knock at Mrs. Storey's door. I will come out: we two will descend the stairs as noisily as we can: this will be a signal for the Corporal to hold himself in



"I could protect them against fifty. Ha!" he made as if he was thrusting.



readiness. Your Jacobites will think it is my brother coming downstairs with me. Out they come: out flies the steel, and to it hammer and tongs. What do you think of that, Captain Sellinger?"

"Why, Sir, except for the danger to yourself——"

"Never fear, man: the danger to me is nothing: my brother's name must not be mentioned, and those fellows must be scattered. Do you agree to this plan. Can you think of a better?"

"Sir, I believe it is excellent. I will answer for the Corporal when you choose to give the word."

"Why, Captain, I love not to think of your suffering privation in our cause. We will strike the blow to-night—this very night—and you shall go back to your bottle released from your self-imposed penance."

"To-night, Sir. By all means."

So it was decided. The Captain looked after the simple arrangements: one candle on the landing: another in the passage: the Corporal in the kitchen with the door locked: they allowed Molly to sit there as well, on the condition that she was not to be told before the evening what was intended. At half-past nine, when the two gentlemen came downstairs, the Corporal was to step out quickly, armed and ready for the fray.

At half-past eight our friends arrived. Isabel remained in her room, at my request, pretending a headache. I received the two brothers. George was agitated: he sat down to play, but rose again: he sat beside me and talked about things indifferent. Edward, anxious for the time to pass, walked about the room and looked at the clock. We were all three full of disquiet.

Upstairs, the Captain sat at his window watching. In the court below the coach was standing: two men stood at the horses' heads: that was satisfactory. The Captain shut his window and waited in the dark.

Downstairs the Corporal, in his hiding-place, removed the bricks and listened to the conversation in the Doctor's room. They were talking about desisting from the attempt: it was disheartening to find themselves baffled every evening: their purpose must have been discovered and guarded against, and so forth. The Doctor, on the other hand, earnestly entreated them to persevere a few nights more; this nightly guard simply showed that Captain Sellinger had recognised the visitors, and that he made it his business sometimes to let them understand the fact: accident any night might place in their hands these two gentlemen, unarmed, without the power of resistance: then, what a splendid prize to carry across the Channel!

He then went out to look about him, to reconnoitre, as the soldiers call it. He walked up and down St. James's Place; neither Captain nor Corporal was there: he went out into St. James's Street, but could see neither of them: he looked in the back garden: no one was there, and the door was bolted: he tried the kitchen door; it was locked.

"Who's there?" cried Molly. "I'm not going to have no one in my kitchen."

"Where's the Corporal, Molly?"

"I don't know. He's gone out."

"I would speak with the Captain, Molly. Have you seen him?"

"He's gone out too," said Molly, the shameless.

So the Doctor returned to his own room and reported with great contentment of mind what he had seen and heard. Both guards—if they were guards—gone out: the job was easy: before their prisoners had found room or time to draw their swords, they would be seized and pinioned and gagged. A dark and cloudy night, too; a threatening of rain: nothing could be more convenient for this great and holy purpose of theirs.

With the Doctor this evening were four men. One of them, a great fat fellow of six feet and more, the Corporal took to be the Skipper of the ship engaged to carry the prisoners—namely, the *Tower of Brill*, because he was dressed somewhat like a sailor and because he talked execrable French.

"You have hired me, gentlemen," he said; "and I will fight for you and carry off your prisoners for you. But I think we shall come badly out of this business. Every night we have been watched and baffled. Do you think that knowing we are here and the object of our attempt is there"—he pointed upstairs—"that they will ever suffer those two persons to be without a guard?"

"There is no sign of any guard," said the Doctor.

"There must be a guard. Gentlemen, you are, no doubt, prepared for the worst. I mean the way we shall go out of the world. After dangling for a minute or two, they will cut us down and strip us and prick out the places where the knife is to go. We shall look very pretty, all of us, pricked out for the knife. And afterwards"—he broke off, shuddering. "However, you have hired me—I am your servant."

The others sat in patience and silence: they were gentlemen of English descent, born in France. Mostly they were pale of countenance, for the audacity of the enterprise was such that it moved the heart even of a Jacobite.

At a quarter past nine the Corporal left off listening and watching and replaced his bricks.

"A few minutes more, Molly," he said, "and I am at last Fortune's Favourite. I may now speak openly, because there is no fear of your tongue."

"I am no talker, Corporal."

"Thou art as discreet a woman as lives, Molly. In a few minutes, therefore, let me tell thee that I shall win my commission in the noblest way possible, or I shall have left my wife—poor disconsolate wretch!—to the gratitude of my country, while I myself shall be sitting on a golden stool or throne in glory and playing the harp with golden strings."

"God forbid, Corporal!"

"God forbid, indeed, Molly! I confess, that at present, at the early age of twenty-eight, I prefer the King's commission if I could get it, even to the celestial harp. A single jug of small ale, Molly. Thank you. Learn, my girl, that the object of the bloody villains in the other room is to secure the persons of the two gentlemen now sitting with Madam and Miss Nancy overhead—to secure their persons, Molly, and to take them prisoners across the seas to their own country. To their own poor beggarly country."

"What for?" asked Molly.

"That I will tell thee on another occasion. I must now make ready for the fray. Ha! my time has come." He loosened his sword in its scabbard. "Ha! my wrist is firm: my eye is steady. 'Tis the day of Fortune—wish me luck, Molly. It is my happy chance to protect those two gentlemen. I could protect them against fifty. Ha!" he made as if he was thrusting. "Ha! I had you there. Come on! Come on! Come all!"

So he vaunted, in his braggart way; yet it was a brave heart and ready to face death in the cause of loyalty. And the moments passed all too slowly for his impatient spirit. "Not half-past nine yet?" looking at his watch. "Molly, time crawls for the hero who would be standing sword in hand. Ha! I had you there!"

At last the expected steps were heard upon the stairs, and the welcome signal—the three knocks. The Corporal drew his sword and stepped out into the passage dimly lit by the two candles in the sconces.

The two coming down the stairs were close to the bottom: there was a little more light upon the stairs from a candle higher up at the landing: the Corporal saw the glimmer of their swords, which were drawn. He stood waiting for one moment only. Then the Doctor's door was thrown open and the four men rushed out. They were unarmed: they trusted to the suddenness of the attack.

"Ha!" cried the Corporal. "Have at you!" and sprang upon them. It was the big sailor who led the party, I suppose on account of his weight. He threw himself forward but met, I know not in what part of him, the Corporal's sword. Whether he was killed or whether it was but a blood-letting will never be known, for he fell with a deep groan and moved no more. All this that takes time to relate passed in a moment. The other three recoiled and drew their swords. Captain Sellinger pushed aside his companion, and stood astride the fallen man sword in hand. Beside him stood the Corporal, lunging and parrying and crying all the time like a fencing-master, "Ha! ha! ha!" We heard it upstairs, and could not understand what had happened, the last thing in our minds being a fight. Yet these were the words: "Ha! Come on then! Ha! Take your bellyful, then. Ha! ha!" stamping with heel as if at a fencing-school.

"It is your friend the Corporal," said George upstairs. "He is giving somebody a lesson. A strange time and a strange place! By candle-light, in a narrow passage!"

He was, indeed, giving a lesson, but not the kind of lesson that we thought.

Then the old Doctor snatched up two candles that stood upon the table and brought them to the door, throwing their light upon the scene of battle. I say that these things, as told to me by the Captain, lasted not a moment. And I say, further, that the end would have been the death of some besides the fat Dutch skipper, who perhaps was only wounded, had it not been for an unexpected blow, quite contrary to the recognised principles of polite warfare. One must admit that the decisive blow in this battle was delivered by a woman—none other than Molly.

When she saw the Corporal rush out of the kitchen, sword in hand, she ran after him: she saw him with that swift lunge despatch one of the assailants—the biggest and the strongest. She neither shrieked nor swooned nor wrung her hands: she acted much more sensibly: she ran back to her kitchen: you think, to weep and wring her hands? Not at all. Molly was a quick woman: quick to see and to act: she was also as strong a woman as you will meet on a summer's day: strong and strapping and brave. She remembered—'twas a kind of inspiration if we may venture to think so—yet why not, considering the magnitude of the danger and the audacity of the assailants? Yes, I needs must think it was by a kind of inspiration—she remembered the great black pot hanging over the fire, and filled with boiling beef broth: she quickly lifted it off the chain: she carried it out in her strong arms, which were burned and scarred for life, of which she took no heed: and she threw the contents—the bubbling, boiling broth—full in the faces of the three men at the moment when their swords were drawn, and the battle was beginning.

They shrieked: they dropped their swords: they leaped in the air, cursing and shrieking: they were scalded: they were blinded.

("What sort of a lesson is this?" asked George, above. "Someone must be hurt.") He rose to go downstairs, but I stopped him.

"They are laughing," I said. "It is some horse-play of the Captain and his friends.")

The Corporal seized their swords. "Surrender, gentlemen," he said. Alas! They could neither surrender nor fight, such was the agony of their faces from the boiling broth.

Captain Sellinger put up his sword. "I think, Sir," he said to his chief, "that Molly, the maid, carries off the honours of the field. What shall we do next?"

"When these gentlemen have arrived at a lower pitch of pain, which will enable them to speak—— Do you surrender, gentlemen, or shall Corporal Bates finish this encounter for you?"

"We surrender," one of them replied.

"We surrender, Sir," said Dr. Mynsterchamber, sitting down and replacing the candles on the table.

"Gentlemen," said Edward, "I am sorry that we did not proceed to a more legitimate conclusion. Let us hope that when your designs are more complete, you will allow me to meet you in the open field. For the moment, I have but one thing to say. If we take you prisoners, there is no doubt that you will end your days on Tower Hill or at Newgate. As your attempt has proved futile, I am disposed to think that the less said about it the better. You will therefore get into the coach you designed for my brother and myself: you will make your way to the *Tower of Brill*; your ship; and if that vessel is found in the Pool to-morrow morning you shall all be arrested, tried, and hanged as traitors."

No one replied. The pain of the scalding forbade any reply.

"Here is a man either dead or wounded. Carry your man away."

Thus, in grievous plight, in the agony of scalded cheeks and blinded eyes, they lifted their great fat skipper and bore him into the coach.

Captain Sellinger followed after. He declared afterwards that the wounded man groaned audibly; so that, perhaps, he was not killed. When they were all in the coach he stood at the window and addressed the discomfited conspirators.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I congratulate you. The attempt was gallant: but you were ill advised in trying to fight in so narrow a space, which exposed you to the sword of the first comer—and in the flank. Moreover, you did not take into account the devotion of the women to our cause. Believe me, the Roman Catholic Pretender, should he land, will go home, like you, with a dishclout to his tail. Remember, that the evidence against you is full and complete. You are allowed to escape, but you are known: if anyone of you should venture to show his face again on this soil of Great Britain, he will have himself to blame for his own trial and subsequent hanging with its usual trimmings. Corporal, is the coachman ready? Good. Coachman, you will get your fare embarked as soon as you can at Whitehall Stairs. You are yourself also known after your long attendance in St. James's Place. You had better get into the boat as well. What has been said to the gentlemen inside is also said to you. 'Ware prison! 'ware gallows; Gentlemen, Bon Voyage! Some kinds of soft soap or goose-grease are recommended for scalds and burns. No doubt, on board, you will find all that the 'Pharmacopœia' itself could recommend."

The Captain returned to the house when the coach had rumbled out of St. James's Place.

He found his chief sitting at the table in the Doctor's room, his sword lying across the table.

"So," he said, "they are gone, Captain? Thus is broken up a nest of traitors and rebels. Let them go. Is the man dead?"

"I believe he groaned as they carried him. Another is pricked, but I believe not seriously: the hot broth did the job, Sir."

"Here is the contriver and leader in the whole business. I have kept him for a little conversation."

The Doctor was dressed in a long travelling roquelaure: his neck was muffled up: he wore his hat. The box in which he kept his papers was open and empty: his cupboard door stood open: it was evident that as soon as the attempt was resolved upon he had made hasty arrangements for immediate flight; and that, whether the attempt was successful or not. He stood leaning against the wall, his wrinkled old face showing no sign of any emotion whatever: at the door stood the Corporal as guard, carrying his naked sword, on the blade of which he observed with infinite gratification signs of the recent conflict. On the table lay a packet of papers, tied up.

"These papers, Captain Sellinger, were taken from the pocket of our prisoner—this man whom they call Dr. Mynsterchamber. He was preparing for departure and had tied them up in readiness. I have looked at them. I find sufficient proof in them that he is a double-dyed traitor. Tell me, Sir, what should I do with him?"

"Hang him!" said the Captain, "unless some other and slower form of death can be found."

The Doctor neither spoke nor moved.

"It is now some weeks since I made it my business to ascertain who and what this Dr. Mynsterchamber professed to be. The creature"—he spoke and looked as if the man was not present—"is by profession a spy. He is a spy, I say. He is in the service of his Majesty's Government to act as a spy in France. He is in the household of the Elder Pretender. As a spy in our service he can come here



and live here when he pleases: as a Jacobite he is free to go all over France as he pleases. It is a most honourable occupation. First, he deceives his friends in France and reports their doings. Then he comes over here and takes the King's pay, and spies out our doings."

"Hang him! Hang him!" said the Captain.

("They are quite quiet again," said George, upstairs. "I wonder what all the noise meant.")

"What shall we do with this villain, Captain?"

"Hang him, I say!"

"As for this conspiracy, it was audacious enough to be successful. Had it not been for the accidental discovery

my friends are loyal men. With us loyalty means an attachment to the Throne, which you could hardly be expected to understand. The loyalty of the Jacobites survives everything: the stupidity of one King: the profligacy of another: the obstinacy of a third. If a King is a weak or a bad King, he is still King by Divine appointment: we wait for a better King. James the Second threw away the Crown: but he could not throw away the loyalty of the faithful. Our loyalty means not only loyalty to death, but more: it means loyalty to dishonour if necessary. I am a gentleman: my father was ennobled by James the Second when in exile: yet I am a

soul every day. Yet it is in the cause of righteousness. Then we may break all the Commandments daily in support of the Christian Faith."

"I am loyal. That is the sum of all. Now, Sir, I am ready to go to your prison. I am an old man, seventy-five years of age. Not too old to die for my King, but too old to fear death."

"Perhaps there will be no prison. I think, Master Loyalist, that if you are once out of the country you can do us very little further harm. Therefore, while we keep the papers, we will not keep the writer, Corporal, search the prisoner for more papers."



*The old Doctor snatched up two candles that stood upon the table and brought them to the door, throwing their light upon the scene of battle.*

of Corporal Bates it would have been successful. The kingdom, for some time afterwards, would have been thrown into confusion. But no great harm would have followed. We've got to fight out the quarrel with France, whether my brother and I are prisoners or not. Still, the attempt, made by one in English pay, was, as I said, audacious." He turned suddenly to the prisoner, "Now, Sir, have you anything to say?"

The Doctor lifted his head, took off his hat, and cried in a strong, resolute voice—

"God save King James!"

"The Pretender!" said Captain Sellinger.

"And God save Prince Charles Edward!"

"Very good. What else have you to say before you go into Newgate Jail?"

"Learn, Sir," the Doctor replied with dignity, "that

spy. I pretend to betray my King's secrets in order to obtain the secrets of your Court. I take money from you: in return I supply you with false information as to the strength and the destination of the French fleets——"

"The villain!" said Captain Sellinger.

"And I am permitted to come over here; to go about where I please; to converse with Ministers; to learn your plans. All that I learn and discover I most faithfully report by means of secret messengers, who are English on this side and French on the other. These things—this treachery which would be dishonouring in any other cause, are accounted among loyalists as honourable and commendable. If, Sir, I have the approbation of my King and my friends, what do I care for any opinion of yours?"

"You confess that you lie, degrade, and debase your

There were no more. All the papers were in the packet lying on the table.

"Now, Sir, you can go. There will be time for you to get on board the *Tower of Brill* before she weighs anchor. Should the ship be taken to-morrow morning, I fear that you, too, will be hanged with the rest. The Corporal here, who understands French, will give sufficient evidence for hanging purposes."

"Oh!" The Doctor looked astonished. "You understand French—you? Perhaps you, too, are a loyalist."

"I am. To the House of Brunswick," said the Corporal stiffly.

"And you listened, I suppose: and reported what you heard. Villain!" Indignation choked him. "A spy! Fudge! A spy!"

"Come," said the Captain roughly. "What the devil



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

are you yourself? Pack! March! Get thee to thine own friends, double-dyed traitor!"

The Doctor walked away with dignity, tall and erect as a lance, although so old. It degrades a man to be a spy: but loyalty covers all.

"Corporal Bates," Edward turned to his defender.

The Corporal stood at attention.

"It is not likely that I shall ever forget the events of this evening. Had it not been for your zeal in discovering this horrid plot; and for your discretion in keeping the thing a secret; and for your bravery this evening, which at the very outset despatched one of the villains, my brother and I might now have been occupants of a French prison with a dismal outlook as regards liberty. Or we might have fought for our liberty and fallen. Be assured that as opportunity offers I shall inform my brother as to these particulars. Meantime, here is my purse, which contains, I believe, fifty guineas. Take it, Corporal Bates, as an earnest of future favours."

The Corporal received the purse with a salute and in silence. He had not expected a gift of money, which he could not refuse. Yet it was not what he wanted.

"I understand further, Corporal Bates, that you are a person of many accomplishments; speaking other languages, skilled in the art of fence, able to instruct in fortifications and the mathematics; and that you are, in addition, a sober man, well-mannered, creditably married, and in no way likely to bring discredit upon epaulettes not of wool." The Corporal made no sign save that his cheek turned pale. He was now on the point of achieving his fondest and most constant dream. "I understand, further, from Captain Sellinger, that you are desirous, above all things, of obtaining his Majesty's Commission."

"Sir, I have no other ambition," the poor Corporal murmured.

"It is a highly laudable ambition. Well, Sir, I take it upon myself to speak for your valour. As to the rest of your accomplishments I take the word of Captain

"I have never known Greek," said Scribe in the beginning of the twenties, "yet to-day I may call myself an ardent Philhellenist." And at that period there were not only thousands of Scribe's countrymen, but also thousands of Englishmen who might have echoed the sentence. A few years later Eugène Delacroix wrote to a friend: "We are going to have an exhibition of pictures in aid of the Greeks, and I am hard at work on my 'Marino Faliero,' which I intend to show." At that moment Greece and the Greeks had become the rage in Paris; the fashions were *à la Grecque*; Casimir Delavigne (the author of "Louis XI.") began his "Messéniennes"; Delphine Gay, subsequently the wife of Emile de Girardin, sang the praises of Ipsilanti, Botzaris, and Condouriotis in every fashionable drawing-room; Hugo was putting his pen to the "Orientales"; the public were crowding the Comédie Française to see the "Léonidas" of Pichat; and I am not exaggerating in saying that the French expeditionary force sent to Morea was a concession to public opinion rather than a political measure initiated by the Government. Nay, more; though Colonel, afterwards General, Fabvier—the same who shortly before his death, during the Second Empire, contracted for the Masses for the repose of his soul by tender—was enthusiastic enough, neither Admiral de Rigny nor General Maison, the commanders of the expedition, was particularly delighted with his mission. Colonel Fabvier was probably one of the few whose co-operation was given without stint and without a thought of self-interest. I am not libelling the memories of the Guys of St. Helena, of the Gaillards, the Chauvassaignes, of Captains Régnault de Saint-Jean d'Angely, Buleste and Jourdain, and of a hundred others, in suspecting them to have been actuated as much by the desire to carve out a new path to fortune by their swords as by the wish to liberate an

"While he was turning his eyes towards Greece, intending, perhaps, to be her liberator, there was presented to him an old Corsican named Dimos Stephanopoli, who was a descendant of the Mainotes who had taken shelter in Corsica about a hundred and twenty years previously.

"Dimos was on his way to Greece to fulfil an artistic mission for the Directory. General Bonaparte confided a kind of military mission to him in addition, and entrusted him with a letter for the Bey of Maina; and meanwhile several commissioners received orders to proceed to Corfu for the purpose of gathering military stores of all kinds there, and for drawing up plans of Macedonia and Servia. General Foy appears to have been among the number of officers accompanying the commissioners. Ali Pasha, jealous of the Porte, appeared to have looked favourably on the French project. On the other hand, Dimos did his duty; but on his return to Milan, Bonaparte was gone. The old man followed Bonaparte to Paris. During his journey he had become almost blind, nevertheless he succeeded in gaining access to Bonaparte to hand him his notes and documents. But there was no result. Dimos died very poor in England."

It has been surmised that Bonaparte, occupied with his project on Egypt, deliberately shelved the other expedition. The explanation appears to me a lame one. Less poetical than Byron, he did not care to champion the cause of a nation which failed to inspire him with respect. As I have already remarked, the Frenchmen who almost immediately after his death rallied to the Greeks were not altogether single-minded. But there is no reason to suspect the grandson of Washington, Sir Edward Church, Lord Cochrane, Colonels Hastings and Stanhope, of similar self-interest. They may be said to have absolutely obeyed the call of the poet, and of the poet who fostered no illusions with regard to the private and public virtues of the Greeks. Three-quarters



THE QUEEN'S RESIDENCE AT CIMIEZ: THE EXCELSIOR HOTEL REGINA.

Sellinger. I shall venture, Sir, to recommend you to his Majesty."

The Corporal's face fell. Other patrons had made him the same promise, but he remained a Corporal.

Then Captain Sellinger whispered something.

"Corporal Bates," said Edward, "would you exchange your woollen epaulettes for the gold lace of a Royal Marine?"

"Sir, you make me the proudest man in the whole world."

"Then it is as good as done. Captain Sellinger, present to me Lieutenant Bates, of his Majesty's Regiment of Royal Marines."

The Lieutenant fell on his knees while the tears of joy ran down his cheek. "Sir," he said, "my only prayer is that I may be sent in command of a company to take the enemy's forts, and that under your very eyes, to justify this promotion!"

"We will dispense with your convoy to-night, Captain Sellinger." So he went upstairs, nodding his head good-humouredly to the Corporal.

"Lieutenant Bates," said the Captain. "We are now brothers-in-arms. We can drink together. There are—ah!—arrears to pull up and new toasts to drink. You shall drink them all. 'Confusion to all Traitors and Rebels.' 'Success to the Youngest Officer in his Majesty's Service!' 'The Health of the Divine Nancy!' Come, Lieutenant. You shall swim in punch. Come. This night, if ever, thou shalt have a skinful."

(To be continued.)

Dr. Fowler, Vice-Principal of Hatfield Hall, has been appointed an honorary Canon of Durham. He has published a new edition of his book on "The Rites of Durham."

The senior Chaplain to the Forces, the Rev. Riddell Morrison, has broken his right arm five times falling from horses, bicycles, and dog-carts.

The Brighton Railway Company have now arranged to run a Pullman Car between London and Eastbourne on Sundays as well as week-days, and are further announcing the issue of a special cheap day ticket from London to Eastbourne at 13s. 6d., including the Pullman Car charge.

oppressed people. They fought like the heroes they were, and for a cause which until the battle of Navarino was absolutely a forlorn hope; yet they fought for fighting's sake.

All these were, if not highly educated men, at any rate well-informed men of the world, and they could not have been ignorant of the fact that the glamour cast around the Greeks by their most famous champion—not to mention the minor ones—was not due to respect for the nation herself, but sprang from a kind of poetical frenzy. When Byron, at the age of twenty-two or less, landed in Albania, he simply wished to revive his already jaded sensations by the contact with scenes and peoples altogether unfamiliar and unconventional. In a very little while he penetrated to the core through the unfamiliar and unconventional husk, and then he wrote as follows; or words to this effect, for I am quoting from memory—"I love the Greeks; they are very seductive and specious rogues; with all the vices of the Turks, and without their courage."

But even if the French never read or heard a word of this absolutely conclusive sentence, the men, all or nearly all of whom had fought under Napoleon, and who knew every incident of his career from personal experience as well as from oral and direct tradition, must have been aware that the great captain who was gone had held a similarly unfavourable opinion for years, although he perhaps never expressed it very openly. Nevertheless, he showed it by his actions. The story is not generally known. One would in vain look for it in ordinary histories. I give it here as I copied it more than thirty years since from a volume entitled "Bonaparte et les Grecs," by Madame Louise Swanton Belloc. I only condense.

"Bonaparte was General-in-Chief of the Army of Italy; he had conquered Venice, and by the treaty of Campo-Formio added Corfu, Zante, Cephalonia, Sainte-Maure, Corigo, and the ports and cities of Albania to the French possessions. Consequently, the Greeks became our allies and our neighbours. Bonaparte was unquestionably meditating a bold stroke which would raise him still higher in the opinion of the French." (Note. He himself confessed as much in the "Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène.")

of a century have gone by, and neither the French nor the English appear likely to respond to such a call, not even to the call of a Swinburne. Verily, Europe has become prosaic. I am not commenting, I am only stating a fact.

A good deal of agitation is going on in Belgium over the relative importance of the French and Flemish languages. On Sunday last a mass meeting of some 20,000 persons was held at Schaerbeek, a suburb of Brussels, to urge the recognition of the equality of the two tongues, and later in the day the Flemish theatre was crowded by an assemblage gathered for the same purpose.

The Sydney Daily Telegraph gives an account of what it terms, "a story of gallantry which has seldom been equalled in Australian waters," and in which chief officer F. J. Ranken, R.N.R., and six sailors of the R.M.S. *Orient* were the heroes. It appears that the *Orient*, in charge of Captain H. E. Inskip, left Port Melbourne on Saturday, Jan. 9, in continuation of her voyage from London. A strong south-west wind was blowing, which increased to a heavy gale, and caused a confused and mountainous sea. At four p.m. on Sunday a vessel was sighted, showing distress signals. This proved to be the brig *Phyllis*, of Sydney, and she signalled, "Want food, starving." The captain of the *Orient* hesitated about risking the lives of his men in sending a boat in such untoward weather, so he asked by signal if the case was urgent, and the reply came back that it was; volunteers from the crew were promptly ready, and Mr. F. J. Ranken, chief officer, elected to take charge. The boat was lowered with great difficulty, and Captain Inskip brought his ship as near to the brig as was consistent with safety. The boat was several times almost lost in its passage to the brig, and those on board the *Orient* thought she could not live in the tempestuous sea, but, being skilfully handled, she was brought near enough to get the supplies hauled on board, though with great difficulty. When about to return to the *Orient*, a squall of hurricane force with hail and rain came on. After several unsuccessful attempts, they were all safely got on board, but in an almost exhausted condition. It was impossible to haul the boat up the ship's side, so she was let go and drifted away.



## WHAT THE QUEEN SEES FROM HER WINDOWS AT CIMIEZ.

For the third time the Queen will this year spend her spring visit to the Riviera at Cimiez, and it is to be hoped that the fine air and restful life of that pleasant spot will prove even more beneficial to her Majesty's health than in former years, and yield her back to England equipped with fresh strength for the necessary strain of the approaching Diamond Jubilee celebrations. It would certainly be hard to name a more refreshing place of sojourn in all the beautiful Riviera than the picturesque hill-side suburb of Nice, set in the midst of the same delightful scenery as that gay resort, yet sufficiently removed from its noise and bustle. The village of Cimiez, such as it is, stands on the site of the ancient Roman settlement of Cimenelium, but Nice has absorbed the more adventurous spirits of the place, with the result that it remains practically the same little old-world village that Miss Berry, Horace Walpole's friend, described in 1802, when she went with the *beau monde* to a fair at Cimia, held on the Sundays of Lent. But though the actual village has changed very little in recent years, the hillside generally has assumed a quite different aspect, being now the site of a cluster of stately villas, each surrounded by luxuriant gardens, and interspersed with groves of olive and orange trees. The road to Cimiez starts from the north-eastern end of Nice, and passing between the high walls of picturesque villa gardens, rises steadily until, two miles from the town, it reaches a height of some 360 feet above the sea-level. Just outside the village the road passes through the remains of a Roman amphitheatre, now known in peasant tradition as "The Fairies' Bath." The amphitheatre, of which an illustration is here given, is estimated to have held seven thousand spectators, a fact which testifies to the bygone import-



LOOKING EASTWARD: THE OBSERVATORY.

the middle distance. The domed Observatory on one of the nearer hills, which is shown in a photograph here reproduced, is notable for its fine astronomical library, collected by M. Bischoffsheim.

The hotel itself is five storeys high, with a fine frontage of more than six hundred feet. The entrance-hall is in the centre of the pile, and the apartments which the Queen will occupy are all contained in the west wing, where the windows provide the best views of the surrounding sea and land. The apartments prepared for her Majesty's particular use have been completely isolated from the remainder of the structure by a wall running from top to bottom. They include a spacious reception-room furnished in Empire style, dining-room of Elizabethan character, and a salon decorated in Louis XVI. fashion. The last-named is also the style of the Queen's bed-room. The first floor is arranged on similar lines as a suite of rooms for Princess Henry of Battenberg. To Messrs. Waring and Sons, of Oxford Street, who are responsible for the whole of the decoration and furnishing of the hotel, we are indebted for the photographs here reproduced.



ANOTHER VIEW TOWARDS THE EAST: REMAINS OF THE ANCIENT ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE OF CIMENELIUM.

ance of the Roman settlement. Other Roman remains are to be seen in the form of some ruined baths, and a section of a sometime temple of Apollo can be traced in walls which are now part of a villager's cottage.

The Excelsior Regina Hotel, which this year forms the royal residence, was completed only last autumn, but the rumours which recently found currency as to its dampness and other disqualifications have been proclaimed groundless on excellent sanitary authority. The hotel stands on the upper part of the hill, on a plateau of nearly one hundred acres. Towards the south the ground slopes away to the plain of Nice, while at the side the plateau is bounded by two deep valleys, which, with a side valley running up from one of them, surround it on the three remaining sides so completely that the plateau is only connected with the hilly ground to the north by a narrow tongue of land. The hill is so entirely separated from all surrounding heights that it catches every minute of sunshine from sunrise to sunset. From almost any point on this lofty plateau, and, indeed, from the very windows of the hotel, the outlook is one of the most striking that can be found in any part of Southern France. To the east is the coast line, with the promontory and ancient town of Antibes, and far away on the horizon the isles of Ste. Marguerite and St. Honorat, which lie in front of Cannes. To the north-east is a splendid vista of mountains, and the snow-capped peaks of some of the higher Maritime Alps, with the villages of Falicon and the deserted Château Neuf crowning the summits of two of the nearer hills, and the bald crest of the Mont Chauve in



VIEW TOWARDS THE NORTH-EAST, OVERLOOKING THE VILLAGE OF FALICON.



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON BOOKS.

To those who think "Three Men and a Boat" the book of the century, we can recommend Mr. W. W. Jacobs's *Many Cargoes* (Lawrence and Bullen). Seriously, if seriousness is compatible with the mere mention of "Many Cargoes," it is almost as good a book of the screaming farce kind as its too-too popular model. Of course, there are weak plots and places in the volume, since it could not be expected of anyone to write a score of short stories all on the monotonous lives of Thames skippers without an occasional Homeric nod; but these intervals when Laughter can rest from holding both her sides are almost welcome. We must warn fastidious readers, however, that the farce and the farcical dialogue are all of this full-bodied kind: A Thames skipper in a drunken bout gambles away the very clothes in which he stood, and is smuggled on board by his nephew (a precocious youth) in his wife's clothes. As it is the interest of all on board that he should be degraded and they consequently promoted, not a single man will lend him a single garment. He is driven to cut up the boy's only two suits to make an adequate one for himself; but no sooner has he so shredded them than he finds that all the needles and thread have been flung overboard by the crew. "You see," he said mournfully to the blanketed urchin in front of him. "You see what comes of drink and cards. Instead of being at the helm of my ship, racing all the other craft down the river, I'm skulking down below here like—like—" "Like an actress," suggested Tommy. The skipper eyed him all over. "If," continued the skipper, "at any time you felt like taking too much, and you stopped with the beer-mug half-way to your lips and thought of me sitting in this disgraceful state, what would you do?" "I dunno." "What would you do?" persisted the skipper with great expression. "Laugh, I s'pose," said Tommy after a moment's thought. The sound of a well-boxed ear ran through the cabin. "You're an unnatural, ungrateful little toad," said the skipper fiercely. "You don't deserve to have a good, kind uncle to look after you." "Anybody can have him for me," sobbed the indignant Tommy. "You look a precious sight more like an aunt than an uncle." This should hit the taste of a public who enjoy only or chiefly roaring farce.

In Sir William Fraser's *Napoleon III.* (Sampson Low and Co.) there are a few "plums." The last words of the Duke de Morny to his imperial master, who bent over his death-bed, were, "Sire, prenez garde à la Prusse!" Perhaps, however, Prussia was less responsible for the Emperor's downfall than his receipt for the government of France. It is said that upon being asked at the Army and Navy Club, "Shall you not find it difficult to rule the French?" he replied, "Oh, no! nothing is more easy: *il leur faut une guerre tous les quatre ans.*" There really seems to be no doubt that the Emperor underwent the operation which killed him solely with a view to riding back into Paris in triumph. James Ashbury on the evening before his death assured Sir William that the Emperor had engaged his yacht to land him in the north of France, whence he would proceed to the camp at Châlons, where 50,000 men were assembled for manoeuvres, whom he would harangue, head, and lead to Paris! "But," said the Emperor, "I cannot walk back at the head of an army; it would have a still worse effect to enter Paris in a carriage; it is absolutely necessary that I should ride." Hence the necessity of the operation.

"My dear girls," interjects Mrs. Ada Cambridge in the middle of her last novel, *A Humble Enterprise* (Ward, Lock, and Bowden), "My dear girls, this modest tale is more particularly addressed to you," and it is distinctively a girl's own book. Only girls could accept the conquering hero as noble, or even natural, while the other male characters, with the exception of the heroine's snobbish young brother, are essentially ladylike creations. On the other hand, the women are all lifelike and interesting, and the story is a love-tale pure and simple, and sweet as a girl could wish. To her it will not seem unpardonable that the hero should so take for granted his acceptance by a girl he had talked with but half-a-dozen times, and never of love, as to buy an engagement-ring on his way to make her a proposal. No doubt, when the moment came to throw the handkerchief, the hero's arrogant assurance was unromantically fortified. "He was as sober as one could desire that a gentleman should be, but probably it was whisky on an empty stomach which made him bold at a time when most men are liable to be daunted." We hoped that the heroine, remembering what the reader is never allowed to forget (for he is told it half-a-dozen times over), that "her father had been an Eton boy," would have resented and resisted for a little his arrogant appropriation of her; but, on the contrary, she is overpowered by his condescension. Nevertheless, she is a charming little personage, and we follow her fortunes with deep interest. We ought to say that the story is so wholesome as to be old-fashioned, for the author is decidedly not a new woman.

Antæus ought to be the patron saint of story-tellers, whose power is proportioned precisely to their hold on the solid ground. Raised above it in the mid-air of mere fancy, out of sight of, or at least out of touch with, real life, nature, and experience, their power is gone. In an admirable collection of short stories, for instance, *The White-faced Priest* (Gay and Bird), Mr. Howard succeeds best when he is describing characters and incidents of real occurrence; while his more ambitious tales are enfeebled by their leaven of romance. The title-story, the most ambitious of all, fails of its full effect, in part because the Priest is a little too anæmic, but chiefly because the artificiality of its plot shakes your faith in the reality of its personages. On the other hand, the shorter stories, which are but racy Northumbrian anecdotes racyly told, are perfect of their kind; though one of them, by the way, "Damon and Pythias," is insufferably gross. Perhaps the chief merit of the book is the insight it gives you into the character of these Northumbrians,

who deliberately show strangers, or "furrinors," as they characteristically call them, their most repellent side. But, as Mr. Pease shows us, "sweetest nut has sourest rind," and we must forgive them their brutalities, as Joe Gargery condoned those of his father in his famous epitaph—

Whatever were the failings on 'is part,  
Remember, Reader, 'e wor that good at 'cart.

It is odd to find Mr. Pease attributing to Wordsworth Hood's—

Evil is wrought by want of thought  
As well as want of heart.

*Where Two Tides Meet* (Hurst and Blackett) reminds us of some of the brightest novels of the pleasantest of novelists, Anthony Trollope, whose place in the libraries alas! knows him no more. Trollope would not have made his plot hinge upon the gratuitous improbability of his hero's supposing himself the grandson of an Australian convict, when his grandfather's pride of birth was so strong that he described himself always as "late of Northwick"—a distinction which his children, least of all, would be allowed to forget. Nor, again, would Trollope have trailed such a red herring across the scent as the hero's intrigue with the Servian belle, Fedora, and the suggestion of his assassination by her native lover. On the other hand, not Trollope himself even has painted a sweeter English heroine than Mary Merlin, or more naturally or charmingly described the crossed course of courtship. All the incidental characters, too, are lightly, brightly and happily hit off—the frisky matron, Mrs. Henderson, who recalled Venice "many memories, the beauty of past days, and a somewhat muddy foundation"—Dorothy Bellairs, pretty and empty as an iridescent soap-bubble, who caught up every new fad and fashion as "a rickety child picks up any disease that is in the air"—Mrs. Merlin, whose pride of birth made her about as sociable as a towering iceberg; and Mrs. Doughty, in whom the same disease was tempered by brains, and betrayed itself through the opposite symptom of a genial condescension.

It would be interesting to know how Mr. Hamlin Garland came to write *Rose of Dutcher's* (Colly (Beeman). He starts by laying vast foundations of character study that seem destined to result in an imposing structure. His premises seem instinct with a philosophical purport that is to lead to the acute solution of a profound problem. Thus, when he makes death rob little Rose Dutcher—the daughter of a Wild West farmer—of her mother, and throws the child into close contact with the great physical facts of life which surround every country-bred child; when he pictures with zest how she used to run about the fields stark naked as a little school-girl; when he recounts an exceedingly disagreeable incident between her and a little boy at school, you are led to believe that these incidents are recounted not for narrative purposes, but to show indications of temperament which will go to make character. When Angel Clare, for example, paused on the road and looked at Tess careering on the merry-go-round, the Hardy student recognised a psychological moment. Mr. Garland has imitated the Hardy manner without any of the Hardy method. Thus *Rose Dutcher*, having passed through a college, and finally landed in Chicago, practically ends in smoke. The fact that her passion was that of "an imaginative and complex man" leads you to expect that she will do something desperate. On the contrary, she becomes absolutely commonplace, and the story fizzles out. There is much in the tale that shows Mr. Garland quite capable of writing a really strong book, but his powers need concentration.

Few painters' work lends itself so readily to reproduction as Meissonier's, and consequently few art publications of recent times have been more successful in conveying an idea of the artist's talents than M. Valéry Gréard's *Meissonier: His Life and His Art* (W. Heinemann), translated and arranged by Lady M. Loyd and Miss Simmonds. From the beginning of his career to its close, Meissonier endeavoured to inculcate the claims of literal exactness, and its value in relation to art. By limiting himself to this side of a painter's duty he doubtless narrowed his chances of future fame. If, however, he can never claim to be ranked among the great painters of his time, he will take his place so far above the lesser masters as to stand almost alone. His autobiographical notes and reflections embodied in this attractive volume give some clue to his partial failure. He was so terribly short-sighted that without glasses, or even a magnifying-glass, he could see little or nothing. The result was that with him details became more important than the *ensemble*. This volume is in every way a worthy tribute to talents of an exceptional order, the text-making clear the conditions under which Meissonier rose so high in public esteem, while the carefully reproduced specimens of his most characteristic work bear witness to his inimitable powers as a draughtsman.

There is an inexpressible charm as of the dawn or of the spring about Björnson's novels, in which life and nature are presented to you with the dew upon them. The early chapters of *The Fisher Lass* (William Heinemann), which has just been translated under Mr. Gosse's competent editorship, are exquisite; but Björnson's design to make his charming heroine an impersonation of the impressionable artist will be resented by the reader who regards love as the be-all and the end-all of a novel. Indeed, other readers besides this romantic young person will wish away the interminable discussion of the later chapters as to whether the theatre is or is not earthly, sensual, and devilish. Probably the fact mentioned in Mr. Gosse's bibliographical note—that the greater part of the book was composed in Søgne Parsonage, Norway—accounts for these Sunday-school symposiums, which, however, serve to bring out the characters of the disputants. As for the character of the fisher-lass, it is a masterly study of the impressionable, impulsive, facile, fickle artistic temperament, which, chameleon-like, takes the colour vividly, if momentarily, of its situation. But, indeed, every character in the novel "walks out of the canvas," so life-like and alive it seems.

## A LITERARY LETTER.

Mr. Kipling has been telling one of his critics that he counts the long novel the essential thing for a writer of fiction. "Independent firing by marksmen is a pretty thing," he says, "but it is the volley-firing of a full battalion that clears the front"—and so short stories do not count. This would seem to be the opinion of Mr. Barry Pain, who has, in my judgment, written some of the best of our short stories. Mr. Pain will soon publish through Osgood and McIlvaine a long novel under the title of "The Octave of Claudius," the idea of which is to give a young man eight days of boundless wealth and luxury with the overhanging gloom of a horrible fate at the end. A well-told story this, Mr. Pain, but too morbid.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Barry Pain, the wife of the author of "The Octave," produces through the same publishers a novel entitled "Saint Eva," for which Sir Edward Burne-Jones has drawn a frontispiece. The book will be published in New York by Harper Brothers, and in America they do not wait for the verdict of the critics. "Mrs. Pain's characters are interesting and true to life," runs the publishers' announcement. "The dialogue is easy, vivid, and sprightly, and while the plot is simple it is artistic and artistically developed." Mrs. Barry Pain is the daughter of Mr. Rudolph Lehmann, the accomplished artist.

Mark Twain, who is at present in London, is about to publish a volume of essays under the title of one of them, "How to Tell a Story." It will include that "Defence of Harriet Shelley" which appeared in one of the American monthlies.

Mr. Kipling once reconstructed the end of a story, and opinions still differ as to whether "The Light that Failed" was better in its earlier form in *Lippincott's Magazine* than as a book. Mr. Thomas Hardy has been engaged in the same enterprise, and there will be much discussion as to whether "The Pursuit of the Well-Beloved" has been improved since its first appearance in the pages of *The Illustrated London News*. There can be no doubt, at any rate, that the title has lost by abbreviation to "The Well-Beloved." The earlier title conveyed the full meaning of the author's scheme, and in some measure justified it. Put more baldly, the story will doubtless provoke blame as well as praise.

Messrs. Constable and Co. have, I understand, well justified their perspicacity in purchasing the copyright of Dr. Nansen's book for £10,000, although no other publisher offered more than £7000. They have made a triumphant commercial success of the venture. Meanwhile a bookseller of Bradford writes to the *Bookseller* furiously indicting the publishers for attempting to sell the book by post-card applications for orders. This, the Bradford bookseller argues, is calculated to ruin the retail trade if pursued more generally.

Mr. R. B. Marston, of Sampson Low and Co., Fetter Lane, the well-known angling expert, asks for information as to the present holder of the copyright and woodcuts in Alexander's "Salmon-Fishing in Canada."

Mr. Clement Scott is publishing an autobiographical volume through Mr. Laurence Greening (another new publisher!) under the title of "The Wheel of Life."

Mr. W. B. Yates, who is rapidly obtaining recognition as the foremost of Irish poets, has no fewer than three books in preparation. One of them, entitled "The Sacred Rose," is a volume of fantastic stories; another is a collection of poems, with the title of "The Shadowy Waters"; the third is a long novel which is to appear under the quaint title, "The Benizons of the Fixed Stars."

A bookseller in Shaftesbury Avenue—Mr. Sabin—has a very interesting Byron curiosity. It is a copy of the original volume which Byron's relative and friend, Mr. R. L. Dallas, proposed to publish the year after his death, but against which the executors obtained an injunction. This collection of Dallas letters was published a few months later in three little volumes in Paris, and in the same year Mr. Dallas issued his *Reminiscences*, explaining at great length the grievance from which he had suffered at the hands of Byron's executors. The volume, which is in Mr. Sabin's possession, has written upon it in an unknown hand the following: "I know only of one other copy (in Mr. Murray's hands suppressed by injunction). The present copy was bought of the descendants of R. L. Dallas, in whose handwriting the manuscript title is believed to be." The manuscript title referred to runs as follows: "The private correspondence of Lord Byron, including his letters to his mother, written from Portugal, Spain, Greece, and other parts of the Mediterranean, in the years 1809, 1810, and 1811, connected by memoranda and observations, forming a memoir of his life from the year 1808 to 1814, by R. C. Dallas, Esq. The following sheets are the whole that were printed when an injunction was obtained from the Court of Chancery at the suit of Messrs. Hobhouse and Hanson, the executors of the late Lord Byron, to restrain me." The book is a large quarto of 168 pages. It breaks off in the middle of a letter, this being Letter 45, written Sept. 5, 1811.

The dramatisation of novels grows apace. Within the last few weeks we have had a stage version of Thackeray's "Esmond" in England, and a stage version of George Eliot's "Romola" in the United States. Mrs. Hodgson Burnett is busily engaged in dramatising her powerful novel, "A Lady of Quality," and Mrs. W. K. Clifford also proposes to make a play out of one of her strong stories. Mr. Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" has been presented with great effect in New York, and there are rumours of an acting version of Mr. Meredith's "Evan Harrington." Meanwhile, experience up to the present time would seem to indicate that authors should not dramatise their own books. The most entirely successful efforts in this way have been the plays which Mr. Edward Rose has made out of the novels of Anthony Hope and Mr. Stanley Weyman.



## THE EASTERN CRISIS: SCENES OFF CRETE.

*From Sketches by Lieutenant J. Shirley Litchfield, H.M.S. "Revenge."*

A MOVE 'IN CHECK.

"About seven miles west of Cania General Vassos is encamped with a large force of regulars. He has declared his intention of marching on the town. He has been warned that if he crosses the valley indicated thus x in the accompanying sketch the vessels anchored off the coast for the purpose will open fire on him.—Cania, February 21."



G. MONTBARD.

CAPTURE OF A GREEK STEAMER WITH CONTRABAND OF WAR ON BOARD BY THE BRITISH TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER "BRUISER."

"On the night of February 20 the British torpedo-boat destroyer 'Bruiser' received orders to patrol the coast off the Greek position. Observing a Greek vessel endeavouring to land military stores, Commander Halsey fired a shot over her bows, whereupon she attempted to sink the 'Bruiser,' but was taken prisoner and placed under a guard from the British flag-ship."



"DE UMBERTO" (ITALIAN).

"KARERIN ALBERTA" (GERMAN).

"DETAD" (RUSSIAN).

"HARDEY" (BRITISH).



"IMPERATOR NICOLAI I." (RUSSIAN).

"REVENGE" (BRITISH).

"MARIA THERESA" (AUSTRIAN).

"BARBARUS" (BRITISH).

"ADMIRAL CHAMBERLAIN" (RUSSIAN).

THE EASTERN CRISIS.—BOMBARDMENT OF THE INSURGENT CAMP ON THE HILLS EAST OF CANEA BY THE COMBINED FLEET OF THE POWERS, FEBRUARY 21: SCENE FROM THE FIGHTING-TOP OF H.M.S. "REVENGE."

From a Sketch by Lieutenant J. Shirley Litchfield, R.M.S. "Revenge."

On the afternoon of February 21, by agreement of the senior officers of the Combined Fleet of the Powers, fire was opened on the insurgent force encamped on the hills east of Canea, the insurgent leaders having twice been warned that any aggressive course would be met by the fire of the Combined Fleet. Early on the morning of February 21 a sharp fusillade was heard from the direction of the insurgent camp, and when it became obvious that the insurgents were endeavouring to drive in the Turkish outposts, the foreign war-ships, after firing a blank shot by way of warning, decided to bombard the insurgent camp. The Italian Admiral in command gave the signal, and the war-ships opened their fire. The Greek flag was shot away, but was hoisted again when the command was given.



## THE EASTERN CRISIS: SCENES AT CANEA.



SOME OF THE WOUNDED SURVIVORS OF THE RECENT MASSACRE AT SITTIA, NOW QUARTERED IN THE HOSPITAL AT CANEA.

*From a Photograph by Lieutenant J. Shirley Litchfield, H.M.S. "Revenge."*



MUSSLMANS IN CANEA CHEERING THE SULTAN BEFORE SUNSET EVERY EVENING.

*FROM A SKETCH BY A NAVAL OFFICER ON BOARD ONE OF THE SHIPS OFF CANEA.*

*Mohammedan ladies occupy a separate bastion, while the garrison, as well as some twelve hundred troops from the camp outside the town, fall in, and, after a number of bugle calls, give three cheers for the Sultan, and return to their quarters.*



## LADIES' PAGE.

## DRESS.

Let me discuss the blouse to-day. This is a very important question at the moment when we are all occupied in deciding the exact shape and cut of the coat and skirt which shall be our daily delight during the spring. We must turn some of our thoughts to the blouses which shall best complete these, for it has been decided that we may continue to enjoy their careful delights under various



A BLUE SERGE DRESS.

aspects, and that it is not necessary to our fashionable existence to appear from morning till night in a tight-fitting cloth bodice to match our skirts. How infinitely more comfortable is the style of dress that prevails to-day—the soft silk bodice which keeps us untrammelled, cool, and allows us free use of our arms and our neck, joys which no woman can declare to have been hers under the influence of the cloth bodice which justified the best efforts of the best tailors. This, alas! is always just that half-inch too tight which makes the difference between the comfortable and the comfortless. In parenthesis, let me reflect upon the amount of torture undergone for the want of that extra half-inch. How many times have we women eaten our dinner with scant enjoyment, all for the want of this half-inch of room, or spent the whole evening in the theatre yearning for the moment when we can take off our dresses and our stays, which have been pressed into the service of these dresses just a half-inch too tight! And yet we flatter ourselves we have quite abandoned the silly practice of tight-lacing, and I suppose we have to a certain extent, but still we know that when we go to fit on a new gown the fitter insists on pulling the stays in at the waist; and whereas we arrived in perfect comfort, we depart with that stuffed feeling so conducive to bad temper. I am quite convinced that half the bad temper in the world may be traced to tight boots or tight stays. If women were only comfortable in their clothes they would be much more unruffled in their manners. I am no advocate for anti-corsets, having the greatest possible respect for stays in their effect, but I think these should by tact be rendered a blessing and not a curse.

Now let me get back to the blouse-bodice, from which I started on this harangue on stays and the malpractices of their enthusiastic wearers. There are two or three silks at the moment offering themselves persuasively for such bodices; glacé silk, which is to be almost as popular this year as it was last; plaid surah, this in green and blue, or in black and white, is adopted with equal favour; soft satin and crêpe de chine, the last being perhaps the best, but of course more adapted to the fanciful style of bodice than to the shirt, which continues to assert its claim to our attention by reason of its exceeding usefulness. The prettiest shirts I have seen this year are all made in tucks with the centre box pleat edged on either side with a very tiny kilted frill, and the sleeves of the ordinary bishop order, turning back at the wrist with cuffs fastened with jewelled links. These shirts are all made with the narrow collar-band to take the high linen collar and stock, and in surah of any bright shade they may be voted most desirable purchases, while the bicyclist will do well to turn her attention to such shirts made of ordinary tussore. And again may the bicyclist bestow some of her affections upon the thin flannel shirt; but just now it is of course too early to doff the coat while riding, and it is too warm to wear the coat and the flannel shirt, so may the thinner shirt be the more cordially recommended. Some very lovely blouses for evening wear I have seen made entirely of net

traced with wavy lines in silver, those in black mounted on white net being particularly attractive. Black net bodices too closely covered with jet hanging from a transparent yoke of thick ivory-guipure are most attractive, and very pretty bodices for evening wear are those made of the fine cream-coloured lace mounted on chiffon with a large turn-down collar showing the throat, the sleeves being formed of the lace mounted again on chiffon. A very pretty blouse for day wear may be formed of green-and-blue plaid in small checks, tucked on either side of a waistcoat formed of tucks of écarlin; the sleeves of this should have short puffs on the top and be tucked in groups of three, tight-fitting to the wrist. The bodice in front should overhang a narrow belt, and at the back set quite tightly in tucks to the waist.

I notice that the bicyclists are adopting blouses of finely ribbed velveteen. This is a material which obtains in such delightful colours that there is scant cause for wondering that it is popular. It is warm, too—another reason for its being received into favour. A water-blue striped velveteen shirt—for it was little else—completed with turn-down linen collars and cuffs, looked very well on a girl the other day worn with a drab and blue mixed tweed skirt and a very small hat, partaking somewhat of the nature of the turban, somewhat of the nature of the toque of gathered velvet, trimmed with a group of black quills at the side, fastened with a diamond brooch.

But let me describe the two costumes illustrated on this page. The one is a dark Wedgwood blue serge, with the short coat braided in black on the bust, turning back with revers of white cloth striped with lines of black satin ribbon fastened with jet buttons. The waistcoat is of the softest ivory surah, and round the waist is a belt of cloth with black satin ribbons upon it, while on the hips again appears the braiding which also decorates the centre seam of the coat at the back. Satin strappings are to be very much in evidence this year; I have seen many charming cloth dresses decorated with them. One of light pavement-grey had the bodice entirely covered with a conventional design in satin strappings to match, the sleeves showing the same decoration, while the front was made of little rows of white lace and lisse alternately. Black cloth dresses trimmed with satin strappings are particularly successful, and they look their best, I think, when the bodice overhangs right the way round the narrow black satin belt, beneath this taking a small shaped basque. Such a bodice turning back with revers faced with white may be successfully worn over vests or shirts of any description. But, of course, such decoration as satin strapping needs to be done by very careful hands, and it is only the best workman who dares attempt it and hope to achieve success. But the same may in truth be said of braiding, which is its most serious rival. Although many of the ready-made dresses which come from abroad show braidings, these could not be mistaken by the connoisseur for the braided dress accomplished by native skill.

That is a smart little costume illustrated, with a waistcoat of light drab cloth, crossing over at one side with a hem of white cloth outlined with a design in black braid; the white and stripe of black also appear on the revers of the coat, which, together with the skirt, is made of cedar-brown cloth, with a fine diagonal line on its surface.

PAULINA PRY.

## NOTES.

A step in the slow advance of women into the citadels of learning at Oxford and Cambridge has been made in the report of the committee ("Syndicate" it is officially styled) appointed last year at Cambridge to consider the admission of women to degrees. By a large majority—nine to five—the Syndicate advise that women shall be given, not exactly the degree, but a "diploma," granted after a tripos has been taken, and carrying with it the title of B.A.; that those women who have taken this shall be eligible to go on to take the title of M.A.; and that the University shall be empowered to give complimentary degrees in letters, science, law, and music, such as now are given to illustrious men, to women of special distinction. This last proposal is entirely new, and that it should be spontaneously proposed by the Syndicate is a very pleasant sign of the increased respect for women of light and leading.

It is still proposed, however, by the friendly nine members of the Syndicate in their report that the women shall have to pass an *honours* examination for the B.A. diploma—that is, an examination far more severe than that for which men can obtain the same title! This seems to me most extraordinary. Why should a woman be required to take honours before she is B.A., while a man gets the same title for a mere "pass" that can be obtained by any person of average capacity and moderate industry? Why handicap the "weaker" sex? Why place men on a lower level by letting them off lighter than women? Yet this is actually proposed, even by the friendly members! Further, they propose a "diploma" instead of the regular degree, with the avowed intention of securing that the women who take the title, after passing the honours course and examination, shall not have a vote either in the government of the University or in the election of its M.P. All prizes, scholarships, and voting privileges, as well as the right to a degree on easy intellectual terms, are to be reserved for men. Truly this is no great generosity!

It must be explained that the contrary report of the five does not suggest that women shall have nothing. It suggests, on the contrary, the invention of some brand-new titles which women shall receive after they have passed an honours examination. Let women—the five say—be dubbed M.Litt. or M.Sc. What does that mean, you say? Well, precisely that question would be asked by the man in the street, who understands what B.A. means and what M.A. means, but who would never be made to comprehend or appreciate the fact that a brand-new title for women indicated that those women had passed a *higher* examination from the self-same examiners than the great majority of men had passed who sport the old and well-

known hall-mark, B.A. or M.A., after their names. The full length of the abbreviations stands for "Mistress of Letters" and "Mistress of Science." The reasons that the five give for the invention of the new names "for women only" are: (1) That to give women the degree would greatly increase the number of women students at Cambridge (and in their love for the expansion and diffusion of learning, they would grieve to see that); (2) That it would injuriously compete with less celebrated degrees available at women's colleges elsewhere (and in their generous care for the wide world they would grieve to do that); (3) That it would bind up the education of women with that of men (and for some inexplicable reason they would regret that); (4) That a large body of disfranchised graduates would be discontented (and they are no doubt right about that); (5) That therefore the proposal of the nine would be only a temporary expedient and likely in the long run to lead to women having the full degree and all the rights and privileges of the University on equal terms (and they have good though not extraordinary foresight in thinking that).

I mentioned last week the statue to "Sister Dora" that was erected after her death at Walsall. I now hear that a more practical memorial was also provided in the shape of a cottage hospital at Milford, Cannock Chase. A portion of the funds for this came from the sale of the Biography of the famous nurse—a most interesting book, though spoiled by a number of hints and suggestions and irritating suppressions. It told, however, how "Sister Dora" gained the admiration and love of the miners of the Black Country by her devotion, her courage, and force of character. She had strength in the performance of her work so extraordinary that not only did she keep order among the roughest of the men, but sometimes got the surgeons to yield to her opposite opinion from theirs as to the need of an operation, and carried the patient through to recovery by her skill. Moreover, she seemed endowed with almost supernatural endurance in her devotion. This remarkable woman well deserved commemoration, and it is to be hoped that the demand now made by her friend and biographer, Miss Lonsdale, for a Queen's Jubilee endowment for the hospital by a county subscription will meet with a due response.

An article which we have recently had the pleasure of inspecting is one of the most useful which has been put upon the market. This is the "Gorham Patent Bedstead," a marvel of ingenuity. The construction of the bed may be thus described. Upon the bed is a hammock; by the aid of a stretcher anyone can be moved free of the bed while clothing is changed, mattress aired, etc., without in the least disturbing the occupant; a seat and foot-rest, readily attached to or detached from the bed, enables a person to practically sit up at table for eating, writing or reading, or to recline at any angle on an inclined couch. The mechanism of this invaluable bedstead is so simple



A BROWN CLOTH COSTUME.

that it may be worked by a child, as it practically only consists in turning a wheel. It is really a marvel of clever contriving, and in the case of bed-ridden patients, an absolute necessity and saving of labour and worry to nurses. But it is impossible to do justice to it by any verbal description; it must be seen to be fully appreciated, its merits and advantages are too numerous to detail. The Gorham bedstead is a luxury to the healthy and a means of comfort and ease to the weary, wakeful, and sick. Illustrated price list may be obtained post free from the "Gorham Patent Bedstead Company, Limited," of 5, South Place, Moorgate Street, E.C. F. F.-M.





ON THE WILD WEST COAST.

*By Archibald Thorburn.*



## THE TRAFFORD PARK ESTATES.



TRAFFORD HALL: PRINCIPAL FRONT.

One chapter, and that not the least interesting one, in the history of Trafford Park was so fully published to the world in the summer of 1896 that it is unnecessary to dwell upon it, except in the merest outline, on the eve of the conversion of the historic property into a company. Less than a year ago, when it became known that Sir Humphrey de Trafford was desirous of disposing of the estates, a strong wish was expressed by an influential section of the inhabitants that the Manchester City Council should purchase the property for the purpose of utilising it as a public park and recreation-ground. That body could have obtained the splendid estate, but the civic councillors were still discussing the matter when the perturbing news arrived that the property had been privately disposed of to a London syndicate, whose foremost and best-known member was Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley. Needless to say, the fortunate syndicate did not let the grass grow under their feet. Colonel Edis immediately surveyed and reported upon it, and very soon offers to purchase portions of the land were received. For some parts not less than £5000 an acre was recently bid! One more example, this, of the obligation the landed interest is under to the far-seeing Mr. Hooley.

Historians and topographical writers have told their readers—doubtless with perfect truth—that scarcely a rood of land in England remains in the possession of the direct descendants of a feudatory of William the Conqueror—in other words, the broad acres which were originally wrested from their Saxon owners by the Philip de Malvoisins and the Front-de-Bœufs have reverted to the descendants of Gurth the Swineherd, or those of Higg, the son of Snell. That this is true in a general sense may be taken for granted; there is, however, at least one striking

exception to the rule, for the same lands which in June 1896 passed into the hands of Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley and his syndicate have been held, generation after generation, for eight hundred years, if not, indeed, from the days of Gurth and Wamba, by the Traffords of Trafford—a rare example indeed of so continuous a succession of heirs male. Randolph, Lord of Trafford, who lived in the reigns of

with what has been the ancestral home of the Trafford family for nine centuries. Its close proximity to Manchester seems to lend it an added beauty. Miles of brick and mortar and a leaden gloom on one side, and on the other the pastoral glades, imposing avenues, acres of green-sward, patriarchal trees, and floral pleasaunces of Trafford Park. These (almost) two thousand acres are girdled by

waterways—the Bridgewater Canal, regarded at the time of its construction as the most remarkable engineering feat of the period, and the Ship Canal, that stupendous monument of man's over-progressing genius and power of triumphing over the apparently insurmountable. That vast shipway, upon which something like fifteen millions sterling has been expended, runs alongside the western front of Trafford Park for three miles, and there is a frontage of similar length, on the other side, to the Bridgewater Canal.

To attempt to describe this Eden in detail would be to indite an idyll. That some of the romantic interest attaching to the place must disappear is unavoidable, yet its old-world charm will cling to it even under its changed aspect. Trafford Hall is to be metamorphosed into a delightful hotel of the premier order, the gardens and a portion of the park being reserved as golf-links, etc. The mansion is a modern structure of freestone, with a semicircular front divided by columns; attached to it are the remains of the old fabric, composed of brick

gables. The interior of the house will commend itself for its elegance and comfort.

There is every prospect of a highly successful future for this great enterprise, the progress of which will be watched with interest by all who concern themselves with our national industries. It was judicious to select Mr. Marshall Stevens as managing director of the Trafford



MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL: BARTON AQUEDUCT.

Canute and Edward the Confessor, dying about 1050, was the head of this "most ancient, knightly, and illustrious house," which for eight hundred years has produced an uninterrupted line of heirs male, and whose lands have not suffered alienation during the mutations of national faith and violence of civil commotions.

Few bits of Old England can vie in picturesqueness



PORTION OF TRAFFORD PARK THREE-MILES FRONTAGE TO THE BRIDGEWATER CANAL.



TRAFFORD PARK AND THE SHIP CANAL: PART OF THE THREE-MILES FRONTAGE.



Park Estates Company, whose knowledge of local wants and possibilities is full and accurate.

Mr. Marshall Stevens first became acquainted with the Manchester Ship Canal in 1882, when he was appointed a member of the Provisional Committee. Subsequently he was made manager, and (to quote the directors' report at the recent half-yearly meeting) "has rendered valuable and unstinted service to the company." The directors also paid him the great and well-deserved compliment of wishing him "every success in his new sphere," expressing the "hope that his endeavours to plant industries in Trafford Park, on the banks of the Ship Canal, will be entirely successful." In the opinion of Mr. Bythell, Chairman of the Ship Canal, "every success they had hitherto obtained in bringing traffic to the canal was largely due to Mr. Stevens." Mr. Bythell would have been glad to see Trafford Park the property of the Ship Canal Company, on the ground that its purchase would have been very serviceable to the canal.

As we understand the financial plan of campaign, it is intended to make an issue of £350,000 of first debentures at par, bearing interest at 4 per cent. Trafford Park Estates, Limited, has been formed with a capital of £650,000 to acquire and develop the property, all freehold, and, to be exact, 1183 acres in extent. Lines of railway, to belong to the estate, are to be made, thus affording access to the Manchester Dock Railways, and so to the whole of the railway system of the district—a public benefit of no slight value and importance. Nor is this all; for Parliament is to be asked to sanction a railway through the Park, which will have the effect of giving the inhabitants of the surrounding country direct communication with the Midland, the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, the Great Northern, the Cheshire lines, and the Manchester South Junction and Altrincham Railways.

A tramway from Old Trafford to Barton will supplement the new lines of rail, so that there will be a complete system of communication on all sides. It is, indeed, necessary that this should be so, as facility of entrance and exit is indispensable, remembering the transformation which the property is about to undergo. It will not surprise the public to hear that ere many months have elapsed these portions of the estate most suitable for business purposes will be in the hands of builders and other artificers, the intention of those connected with this leviathan commercial enterprise being to dispose of the various portions of the property possessed of the advantages of a frontage to the Ship Canal to manufacturers and others engaged in industrial undertakings. Works for the distillation of tar and for the preparation of patent fuel, saw and flour mills, cotton and seed-crushing mills, tanks for the storage of oil, malting houses, ship-building yards and dry docks—these are among the industries which are being actively negotiated for. Thus a New Manchester will rise on the outskirts of Cottonopolis such as was never dreamt of a short quarter of a century ago. The proprietors of some old-established businesses, alive to the manifold advantages offered by the estate, are already in treaty for sites, with a view to the removal of their works to the proximity of the Ship Canal; and doubtless brisk competition for the best plots will ensue.

A new era is evidently dawning for the imposing waterway which links Manchester with the ocean, and which is of both national and international importance. The progress made last year in the traffic over the Ship Canal must be cheering to those who have pinned their faith to that vast undertaking. It is true that the exports increased by only 14 per cent., but there was a rise in the imports of 59 per cent. The lack of anything like considerable expansion in the exports is explained by the fact that, with the exceptions of coal and salt, the exports are divided into smaller parcels and between more traders. The construction of new manufacturing capable of exporting under more advantageous conditions than their less-favoured competitors, owing partly to the great saving in the cost of carriage obtainable by the proximity of the estate to deep water, cannot fail to add to the volume of exports from the new port of Manchester. Those concerned in the prosperity of the Ship Canal will watch the development of Trafford Park with lively interest, more especially as, by an arrangement concluded between the Trafford Park and the Canal Companies, portions of the estate are to be forthwith used for the storage of timber and other merchandise, thus relieving the Manchester Dock Quays of a serious incumbrance arising from the increase of traffic and the inadequate quay accommodation.

To those who have examined the plans, or who have personal knowledge of the locality, it will be obvious that certain portions of the estate possess a unique value. Such, for example, is the belt of land abutting upon the Ship Canal for something like two miles and a half; about 100 acres in extent, it averages from 100 yards to 120 yards in width, has invaluable wharfage rights, and will unquestionably be ultimately required by the Ship Canal Company or by one of the important railway companies for dock wharves and terminals. It would not be surprising should these 100 acres alone realise as much as—perhaps even more than—the entire capital of the company.

The possibilities of Trafford Park in the hands of its present enterprising owners are indeed infinite. At the part known as Hatton's Wood there is a large tract of about two hundred acres which would make an excellent race-course. It has a mile on the straight and is beautifully situated. The existing Manchester races are run on the other side of the Ship Canal; but it has been stated that in consequence of the increased value of the land at Salford there is a possibility of the race committee having to cast about for another course. Should this prove to be so, they will not have to go far for their new race-ground.

No inconsiderable portion of the land is set apart for building purposes. There is, for instance, that extensive strip, skirted its whole length by the Bridgewater Canal, beginning at Waters Meeting, and ending near the bridge leading to Barton Lodge, and thence, past St. Catherine's and All Saints' churches, to Barton Bridge and Aqueduct—the latter an object of much interest to visitors, who there see the unusual sight of a canal carried, by means of a swing aqueduct, over the great waterway that runs beneath.

Mr. Ernest T. Hooley will himself, we understand, preside over the board of the Trafford Park Estates, Limited.

## CHESS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor. T G SPENCER (Rutland).—Your problem would certainly be "unique" if published.

J B MEISON (Leeds).—Probably, when you have had more experience, you will be less ready to imagine problems can be solved in two moves, which are carefully given as to be done in three.

P H WILLIAMS (Hampstead).—Thanks; we hope to find it sound this time.

CHARLES BURNETT (Biggleswade).—We shall be glad to see your problem in its corrected form.

J ALLEN (Teignmouth).—We think both Bishops are required to stop certain defects that would otherwise occur.

H F W LANE.—The amended version shall be examined.

L H BAIRD (Brighton).—We are much obliged for postcard, but exigencies of space shut out any report of the Brighton meeting this week.

F Hooper (Putney).—The position is right as it stands, and we fail to see why the problem should be altered, as you suggest.

W H GUNERY (Exeter).—Send another diagram.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2753 and 2754 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 2757 from Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2758 from Otto Bauer (Berlin); H S Brandreth (Cairo); and Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2759 from W H Winterburn, T C D, Otto Bauer (Berlin), Emile Frau (Lyons), E G Boys, and W J Haslam (Gildersome); of No. 2760 from P B Womersley, E G Boys, T C D, Emile Frau (Lyons), The Tid (East Sheen), Otto Bauer (Berlin), R Worters (Canterbury), Sorrento, G T Hughes (Portsmouth), Dane John, J D Tucker (Leeds), W Clugston (Belfast), A G Filbey, J Bailey (Newark), Captain J A (Challie (Great Yarmouth), Frank R Pickering, J Allen, Portamps (Brussels), J Charles Jones (Bangor), and Hemit.

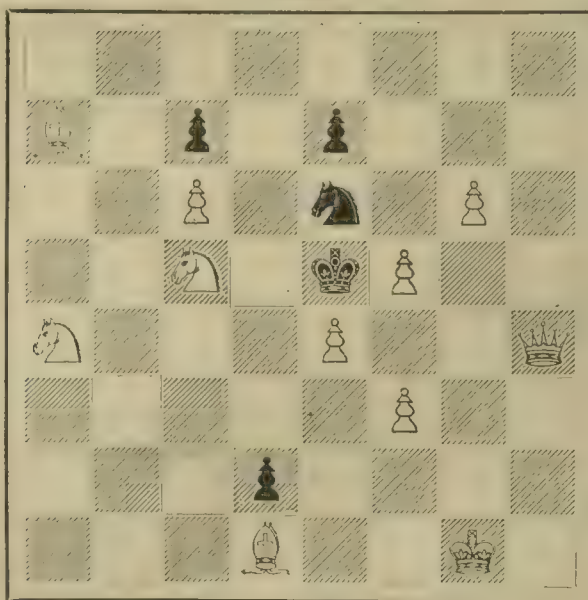
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2761 received from T Chown, J D Tucker (Leeds), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), R Worters (Canterbury), F Anderson, E P Vulliamy, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), W J Haslam (Gildersome), Dr P F t, Sorrento, C F Josling (Dover), E Loudon, Shadforth, F Hooper (Putney), T G (Ware), H Le Jeune, Ubique, J M Shillington, G J Veal, W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), F James (Wolverhampton), W R B (Clifton), J F Moon, L Joicey, and L Desanges.

### SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2760. By A. WHEELER.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to Q R sq. Any move.  
2. Mates accordingly.

### PROBLEM No. 2763.—By J. S. BOYD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

### CHESS IN LLANDUDNO.

Game played in the tournament between Mr. C. H. SHERRARD and the Rev. A. B. SKIPWORTH.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. Sherrard).	BLACK (Mr. Skipworth).	WHITE (Mr. Sherrard).	BLACK (Mr. Skipworth).
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th	18. K takes Kt	R to R 2nd
2. P to Q Kt 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	19. Kt to K 4th	P to R 5th
3. P to K B 4th	P to Q 3rd	20. B takes P (ch)	
Black adopts an admittedly weak defence, and does not manage it very well. He should play P to Q 4th, followed by P to K 4th as soon as possible.		It is interesting to notice how well White manages his game from this point, and how well planned are his attacks. Clearly, too, vigorous measures are necessary to save the game.	
4. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to B 3rd	21. Q to Kt 4th (ch)	B to Kt 4th
5. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to K 3rd	Black must play the Bishop, or R takes P (ch) next move is fatal. A good and lively game.	
6. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 2nd	22. Q takes B (ch)	K to B sq
7. B to K 2nd	P to Q R 3rd	23. Q takes P (ch)	Kt to Kt 2nd
8. Castles	P to Q Kt 4th	24. Q to Kt 5th (ch)	K to B sq
9. P to K 5th	P takes P	25. Q to K 5th (ch)	Kt to Kt 2nd
10. P takes P	Kt takes P	26. Q to B 6th (ch)	Kt to Kt sq
This leads to an amusing variation, but hardly turns out to the advantage of Black.		27. R to B 4th	P takes P (ch)
11. Kt takes Kt	Q to Q 5th (ch)	28. K to Kt sq	Q to Kt 3rd (ch)
12. K to R sq	Q takes Kt	29. P to Q 4th	P to K 4th
13. Kt takes P	Q to Kt sq	30. Q to Kt 5th (ch)	K to B sq
14. Kt to B 3rd	P to K R 4th	31. Q takes K P	R to R 4th
15. B to B 3rd	Kt to Kt 5th	32. Q takes R	Q takes P (ch)
Capitally played, and very nearly good enough. Of course, if B takes Kt, P takes R, and the mate is still threatened. But the sacrifice that follows is not quite sound.		33. K to Kt 2nd	Q takes R
16. B to B 6th (ch)	K to B sq	34. Q to R 6th (ch)	Q to Kt 2nd
17. P to Kt 3rd	Kt takes P	35. Q to R 6th (ch)	Resigns.

### CHESS IN SURREY.

Game played in the Surrey County competition between Messrs. CRESWELL (Battersea Chess Club) and MARSHALL (Nightingale Chess Club).

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. Q to B sq	P to Q 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	20. R to B sq	
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	B to R 3rd is better, limiting the operations of both Queen and Bishop.	
4. Castles	Kt takes P	21. P to K R 3rd	Q to K 2nd
5. P to Q 4th	Kt to Q 3rd	22. R to K sq	P to K B 5th
6. B takes Kt	Kt takes B	23. Q to B 2nd	Kt to B 4th
7. Kt takes P	B to K 2nd	Black has been improving his position every move for some time past, while his opponent has been equally losing ground.	
8. Q to Kt 4th	Castles	24. Kt to Kt sq	Q to Kt 2nd
9. P to K B 4th	P to K B 4th	25. P takes P	P takes P
10. Q to B 3rd	B to B 3rd	26. R to B 5th	P to R 3rd
11. Kt to Q 2nd	R to B 3rd	27. Kt to B 3rd	
12. R to K sq	R to K sq	And the game was adjudicated as drawn, but Black is just initiating an attack that must be very difficult to meet. Suppose Black continues P to Kt 5th, 28. Q takes P, P takes P, followed by Kt to Kt 6th or R to R 3rd, and there seems no defence open to White. If any other variation the attack is still formidable.	
13. P to Q Kt 3rd	R to K 3rd		
14. B to Kt 2nd	R to K 3rd		
15. R to K 3rd			
P to B 4th should have been now played. This Rook is not well placed, and really endangers White's position for some considerable time.			
16. P to Q B 4th	B takes Kt		
17. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to R 3rd		
18. Q to B 4th			
Q to R 5th, threatening R to R 3rd or Kt to B 3rd, is more to the purpose.			
19. P to Kt 3rd	P to Kt 4th		

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Among the questions which have arisen as side-issues out of the Nansen expedition, one of the most interesting is that which relates to the absence of scurvy through the entire course of the exploration. The history of that ailment is in itself a most instructive feature in the general study of disease-prevention. Readers who are familiar with the history of Captain Cook's voyages, will remember the disasters from scurvy which befell his crew in the earlier part of his explorations. The disease has always been "the calamity of sailors," affecting the blood as it does, and totally incapacitating the affected men from performing their duty. It was said that of old scurvy caused more deaths among sailors than any other disease or set of circumstances, these last including even the deaths from warfare. We have bettered things to-day, because the nature of scurvy is fairly well known to us. Ships can now be supplied with fresh meats in the shape of tinned provisions, and their crews are not dependent on salt junk for subsistence. Milk, and even vegetable products, can be preserved for use on long voyages; and, in addition, the ration of lime-juice, the virtues of which were noted by Cook himself, has a preventive effect of decided character.

The usual explanation given of the cause of scurvy rests on the idea that whenever a diet-system shows a decline in the amount of potash it supplies to the blood, the disease is bound to appear. The vegetables on which scurvy-stricken sailors were wont to depend for their cure—cabbage and the like—are known to be rich in this mineral; indeed, it may be said it is for the sake of the minerals they supply to the blood, and not for any actual nutriment they contain, that we ourselves eat these plant-substances. Lime-juice acts in an analogous fashion to the fresh vegetables, undergoing a certain chemical decomposition in the blood, and preventing the development of the ailment. Scurvy will break out whenever an unequal diet is presented for human acceptance—unequal, I mean, in the sense of certain mineral constituents being unprovided for. Thus, in prisons, the substitution of treacle for milk has, I believe, led to an outbreak, which ceased when the milk-supply was resumed.

The curious fact has also been noted that, while in famines many ailments are common, scurvy is not necessarily developed. The people may be starved and meagre, yet so long as they have their potatoes—a poor and insufficient form of food—scurvy is absent, and this because the potato is rich in potash. I have said that in Dr. Nansen's expedition scurvy did not appear, and this result is attributed by Professor Torup, of Christiania, to the fact that all the provisions used by the explorers were of the best quality, and were well preserved. This fact is of high interest in itself; but when we read of the diet on which Dr. Nansen and his colleagues largely supported life—namely, bears' flesh and bears' blood, or, in other words, on practically an exclusive animal diet—we again note the prevention of the disease by food which contains alkaline matter, and notably potash. Flesh and blood are rich in such materials, and a very fair comparison might be drawn between the chemical nature (in respect of minerals) of blood and the lime-juice of the ordinary ship's rations.

The theory of the causation of scurvy which has been of late days put forth, is that it is really due to what has been termed "acid intoxication" of the body. Where excess of acid exists, the disease, it is held, is apt to appear. The common condition under which scurvy appears is want of the alkaline matters which we have seen fresh vegetables afford us; but it has been pointed out that the Nansen expedition confirms what previous experiences indicated—namely, that fresh meat and blood will prevent scurvy-development on precisely similar principles. From the late expedition we may, therefore, glean anew some scientific hints regarding the proper selection of our dietary. The great value of our common vegetables is really found in the fact that, while they do not supply us with food-substances in any essential quantity, they are necessary for preserving the proper constitution of the blood, and, through the blood, for maintaining the perfection of bodily health.

Some years ago in this column I discussed the curious phenomenon of mirror-writing, in which the person—adult or child—writes backwards, so that the characters can be read most easily by holding the writing before a looking-glass. My friend Dr. W. W. Ireland discussed this question in the last edition of his book "The Blot on the Brain," and also referred to the origin of the right-to-left mode of caligraphy practised by certain nations. A correspondent of the *Lancet* quotes a letter from M. Gaston Legros which gives an explanation of the nature of the mirror-writing habit that is highly feasible. The speech-centre on the left side of the brain (which controls the right side of the body) is that we ordinarily employ, and here we find centres which govern the movements necessary for the formation of words and letters. The right speech-centre remains ordinarily undeveloped, save, perhaps, in left-handed people. Now, if a person be affected with paralysis of the right side (caused by disease of the left brain), the right speech and writing-centre of the brain, it is presumed, may take upon itself the duties of the left centre, and the resulting writing becomes of mirror-character—that is, from right to left.

"Mirror-speech" is also attributed to the action of the rudimentary right centre of the brain. The person who has to depend on this centre sees his words, as it were, in his brain before he pronounces them, says M. Legros, and gives them forth as if they were produced from right to left. I know a left-handed boy, who, when he first wrote, always formed his characters mirror-wise, owing probably to the action of his right brain. These ideas appear to support the growing view of the independence of the two hemispheres, or halves, of the brain proper or cerebrum. I observe it is noted that Leonardo da Vinci wrote in the mirror-fashion, so that the condition in question "is not incompatible with genius of the very first order."





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## ART NOTES.

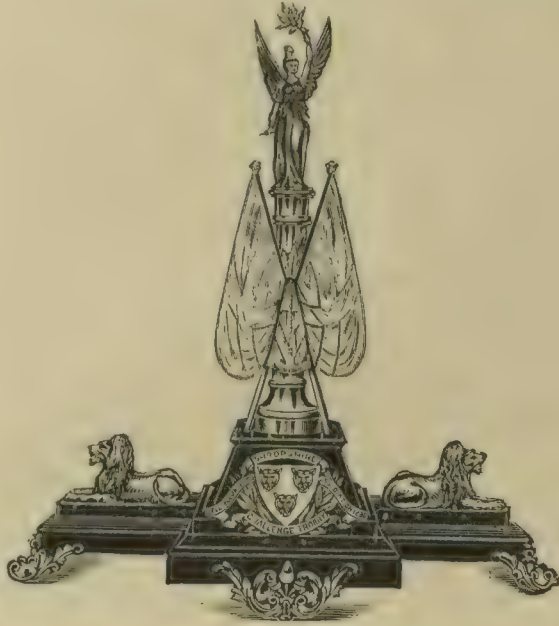
It is difficult to realise that fifteen years have passed since the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers first vindicated its claim to official recognition. In the interval it has done much to save an art which, perhaps, but for its efforts would have been submerged as completely as that of wood-engraving by the rising tide of "process reproduction." The present exhibition (Pall Mall East), if it does not bring into prominence any specially new names, shows that the recognised wielders of the needle are increasing both in power and originality. M. Helleu stands almost without a rival in the art of producing the greatest effect by the fewest lines, and the dexterity with which he can throw so much grace as well as expression into his figures is astonishing. Mr. William Strang's illustrations to "The Ancient Mariner" depend for effect upon the rugged literalness with which he has adapted the words of the ballad rather than upon individual imagination. Mr. A. H. Haig, on the other hand, seems to be in danger of losing that special quality by which his reputation was made, and to be falling into a finicking style. Mr. D. Y. Cameron has studied not only the modern Italian etchers, but Méryon and Whistler too closely to be able to detach himself from their thoughts and style. M. Legros seems somewhat unnecessarily coarse in his lines; but Mr. C. Holroyd, Miss C. M. Pott, Mr. E. W. Charlton, and Mr. Robert Bryden are among those whose work shows the advantages to be derived from the systematic pursuit of their special branch of art.

Mr. Wallace Rimington's wanderings in Italy may not have brought him into contact with so many little known but oft discussed spots of interest as was the case with his trip to Spain some three or four years ago, but the fruits of his present pilgrimage (Fine Art Society's Gallery) will be scarcely less appreciated by the public. Mr. Rimington has not only an artist's eye for effect, but an innate sympathy for what is attractive in both nature and art, and in a country which above all others has the "fatal gift of beauty" he finds subjects for his treatment at every turn. It is a real pleasure to wander round the room under Mr. Rimington's guidance, and to be shown again what struck our own eyes in Italian cities and landscapes, or to have awakened in our minds regrets for objects of which the attractiveness is only now brought home to us. Torcello and the Lagoons, Siena and the vine-clad hills, Etruscan Volterra, Romanesque Orvieto, and even malaria-stricken Mantua are known nowadays to most travellers, who find in the softer beauties of the Euganean Hills or of the Apennines some relief from the imposing grandeur of the Alps. To such Mr. Rimington's truthful work will be sympathetic, and will serve as a guide to some of the most romantic spots between the Lago di Garda to Analfi and the Bay of Baia.

Mr. Samuel Bird, who has acquired some reputation as a painter of scenery in countries so dissimilar as Sicily and Scotland, has brought together some forty of his works (175, New Bond Street), in which his qualities as a land-

scapist may be fairly judged. The most prominent work, however, is a painting in which Whitehall Gardens and the Embankment afford a setting for a portrait of Mr. Gladstone. The aged statesman is represented standing on the terrace of the National Liberal Club, gazing upon Westminster Palace, the scene of his many triumphs and labours. There is not much attempt at giving a character-portrait of the great leader of the Liberal party during so many years, and his loneliness in so bright a scene may perhaps suggest to some minds unpleasant thoughts as to the rewards of political life. The picture, however, will not be without interest to many, and when reproduced in black and white will doubtless become popular.

The Shropshire Volunteers are to be congratulated upon the possession of a handsome trophy which has just



been purchased by the Shropshire County Trophy Association for annual competition among the Volunteers in the county of Shropshire. The trophy, which is the handiwork of Messrs. Mappin Brothers, of Cheapside and Regent Street, is made of solid silver mounted on an ebony plinth. It consists of a military column entwined with laurel wreath and supporting crossed standards, while the column is surmounted by a figure of Victory. British lions, finely modelled, guard the base of the column, in the front panel being shown the arms of the county with the name of the Association.

To call the collection of pictures now brought together at the Hanover Gallery a Military Exhibition might lead to

some misapprehension, if by such a term it were imagined that feats of arms and deeds of valour would alone furnish the subjects. The managers of the exhibition rely chiefly upon M. Dupray and M. Perboyre, who have long made the French soldier in his various uniforms their study from the days of the first Republic down to the present time. M. H. W. Koekkoek treats us to some Dutch military costumes, Mr. Caton Woodville to the English Dragoons, and M. Chelminski to those of the Russian Hussars. Of the pictures actually dealing with the pomp and circumstance of actual warfare, M. Detaille and M. Beauquesne are the most vivid illustrators of their fellow-countrymen's deeds at Champigny, Vionville, and Mars-la-Tour, while Mr. Hillingford and Mr. Giles make a good show in honour of the British troops at Waterloo and Tamai respectively. It is, however, of somewhat doubtful taste to place M. Kratké's "Retreat from Moscow, 1812," in close proximity to M. Brisset's "Entry of the Czar into Paris, 1896"; but "Mr. Dick" himself would feel at last justified by the unexpected introduction of Mr. E. Croft's "Execution of Charles I." to such surroundings.

In challenging public attention in our picture exhibitions the lady artists since the days of Mary Moser and Angelica Kaufmann have shown themselves prepared to meet the other sex on equal terms. Hitherto the "one woman" show, with rare exceptions, such as those of Mrs. Allingham and Miss Greenaway, has scarcely gone beyond the confines of the artist's own studio. Private exhibitions, such as that of some very bright and truthful work by Miss M. Macrae, scarcely falls within the range of public criticism. Miss Steward Wood and Miss Annette Elias, however, boldly claim notice by a joint exhibition (Graves' Galleries, Pall Mall) of oil paintings of English landscape. Both ladies bear witness to a distinct proficiency in their art, and both alike suggest that they are still in doubt as to whether their art will lead them. French influences have been at work with both, while ever and again the note of Mr. Mark Fisher or Mr. Alfred Parsons is traceable. Miss Wood is most happy in her treatment of Kent and Sussex pastorals; while Miss Elias finds her most congenial subjects amid the mists and cloud effects of Dartmoor.

The museum of Basle hardly attracts from the crowds of tourists of all nations the attention which it deserves. To artists it is of interest as the meeting-point of German and Swiss art, while from all it claims attention as the place where Holbein's influence was so long dominant. The drawings of these "Little Masters" of Basle are in their way as interesting and as important as those of their brethren of Cologne, and the work of Urs Graf, of Soleure, Tobias Stimmer, of Schaffhausen, and in a lesser degree Hans Kluuber, of Basle, show how strong a hold the methods of Holbein and Dürer had taken upon the Swiss temperament. The efforts recently made by the Basle authorities to bring into greater prominence the national artists of Switzerland deserve the recognition of travellers, who too often pass by the riches of the great frontier town in ignorance of their real value.

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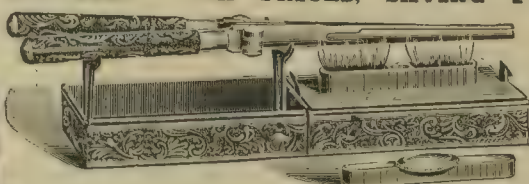
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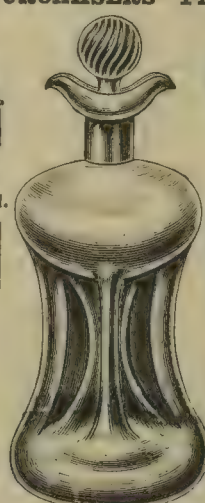


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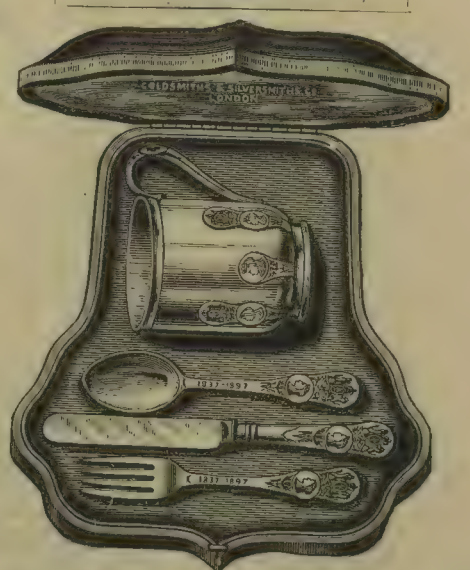
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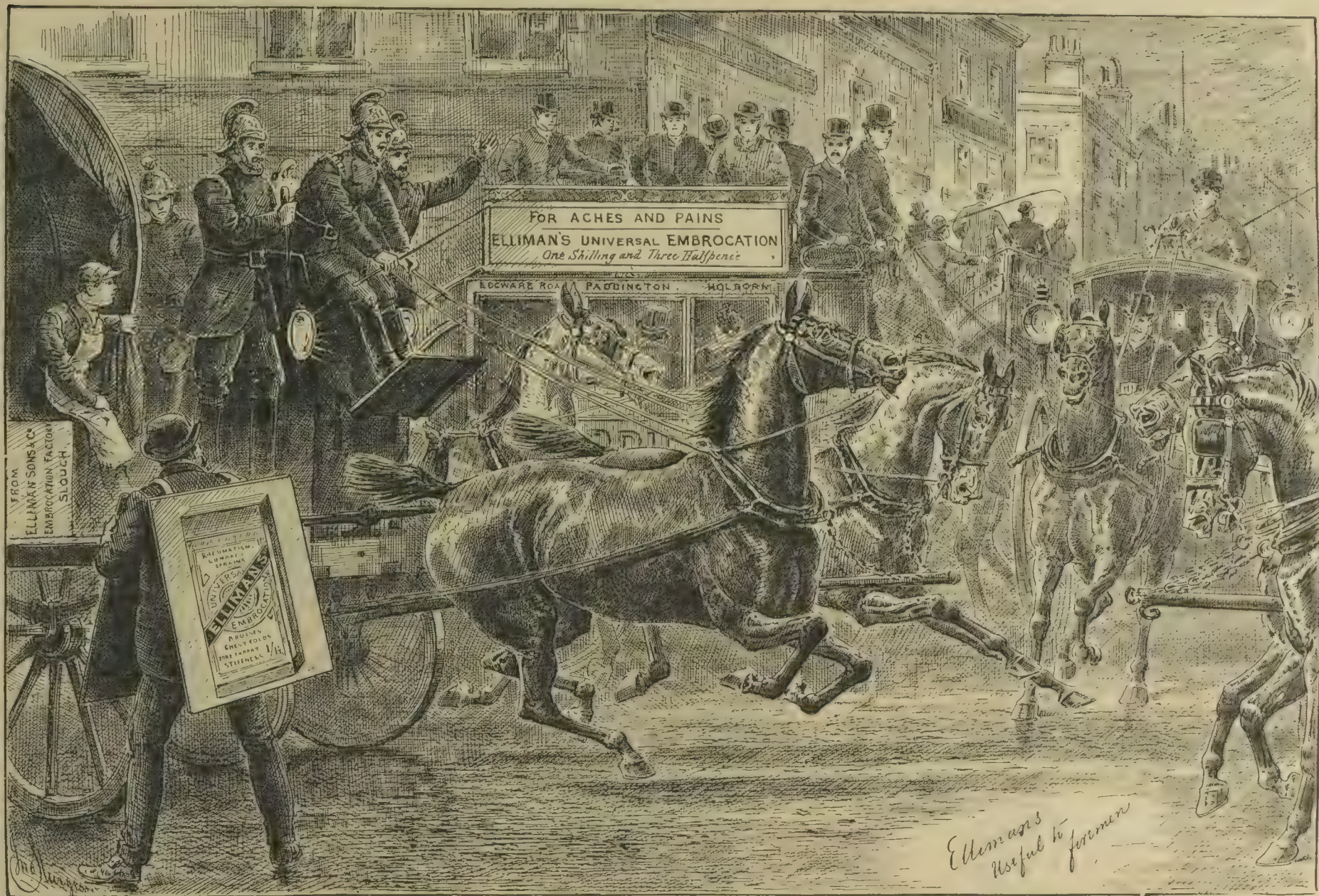
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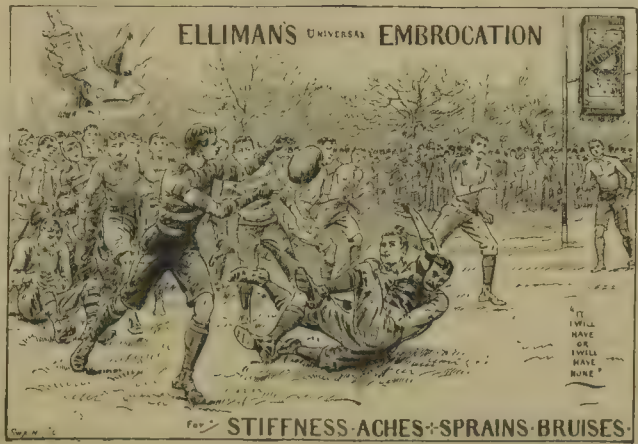
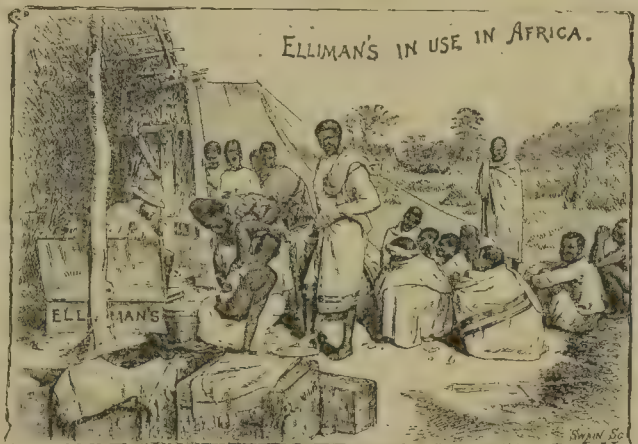
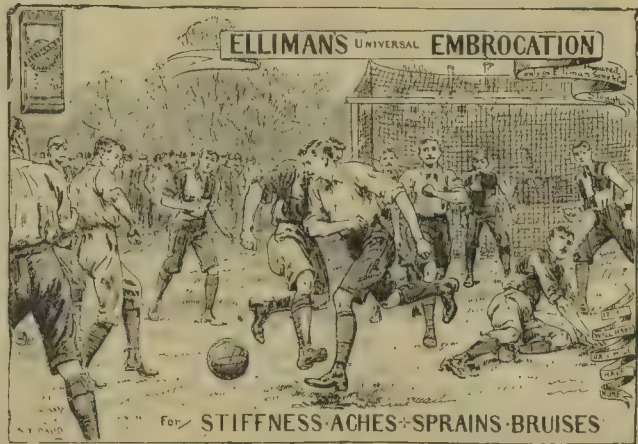
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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Lord Salisbury is being earnestly urged to appoint a High Church Bishop to Bristol, and he is warned against Archdeacon Sinclair. Bristol, however, is Evangelical in sentiment, and it is doubtful how a High Church nomination would be received.

St. Chad's Chapel at Lichfield has been reopened. It was destroyed in 1643. The restoration has been accomplished by Dean Luckock as his personal offering to the Cathedral.

The *Church Times*, while not denying that there are nearly a million more sittings in meeting-houses provided by Nonconformity than are provided by the Church of England, says that the Dissenters have deplorably wasted effort in providing sitting accommodation far in excess of the demand. It describes the statistics as "statistics of barren pews and gaunt, deserted chapels." But the point of the statistics is that the provision of Nonconformity has been larger than that of the Church, first coming up with it, and then outstripping it by larger numbers.

The Bishop of Lincoln says that the most widespread danger to religion in these days, through all civilised countries, is indifference, and that one of the most dangerous powers in the present day is pleasure.

"Peter Lombard," in the *Church Times*, has a very interesting paragraph on the burial of Shelley. Shelley's heart is not at Rome, but at Boscombe, near Bournemouth. "Peter Lombard" says: "I was many years ago

expressing my opinion that if Shelley had lived he would have done as the Radicals Wordsworth and Coleridge did—namely, turn Tory and High Churchman, and I said I was glad that his cremated ashes had received Christian burial. 'I am very glad to hear you say so,' said an old listener, 'for it was I who buried Shelley.' The speaker was old Richard Burgess, Rector of Holy Trinity, Chelsea."

Canon Newbolt, of St. Paul's Cathedral, has been engaged in work at Wrexham. The intercourse of English Churchmen with their Welsh brethren is manifestly increasing, and is welcome on both sides.

The new work on St. Paul by the indefatigable Mr. Baring-Gould will be published immediately by Messrs. Isbister. Professor W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L., is contemplating a Life of St. Paul on a large scale.

The Broad Church party in the Established Church of Scotland are organising themselves to resist certain High Church tendencies in the Church.

Canon Keating, Principal of the Theological College, Edinburgh, has been appointed Chancellor of St. Mary's Cathedral.

It is recognised on all hands, says a well-informed Scottish correspondent, that there is no chance of bringing the Disestablishment agitation to a successful issue in the present Parliament; so, in the meanwhile, friends and opponents bide their time for the inevitable day of the revived struggle. There are no symptoms whatever of any

relaxation of the determination of the leading spirits in the voluntary Presbyterian bodies to force the question of Disestablishment to the bitter end at the very first opportunity.

The Education Department of the Privy Council has issued its Revised Code for this year. It has to deal with 19,800 separately managed schools, which are subdivided (as of boys, girls, and infants), forming 30,377, each with a certificated head teacher. Of these 30,377 receiving Government grants, the Church of England has 16,517, with accommodation for 2,707,780 children; the School Boards, 9752, with seats for 2,345,467 children; the Roman Catholics, 1693, accommodating 367,344 children; the Wesleyans, 753, with 189,955 children; and the British and other undenominational schools, 1662, with 355,726 children; so that the Voluntary-school managers provide 20,625, against 9752 Board schools, and for a greater number of children, by three to two, than the number of Board-school children. The Government grants to schools at certain rates for the scholars in average attendance, for good discipline and organisation, for class and special subjects of teaching, girls' needlework, and singing, average 19s. 5d. in Board schools, 18s. 5d. in Voluntary schools. The expenditure in London Board schools (out of the rates and from the Government grants) is at the rate of £3 8s. 3d. for every child; in the Voluntary schools it is only £2 6s. But in Board schools all over the country each child costs £2 10s. 1d., and in the other schools, £1 18s. 11d., the difference being so much greater in London.

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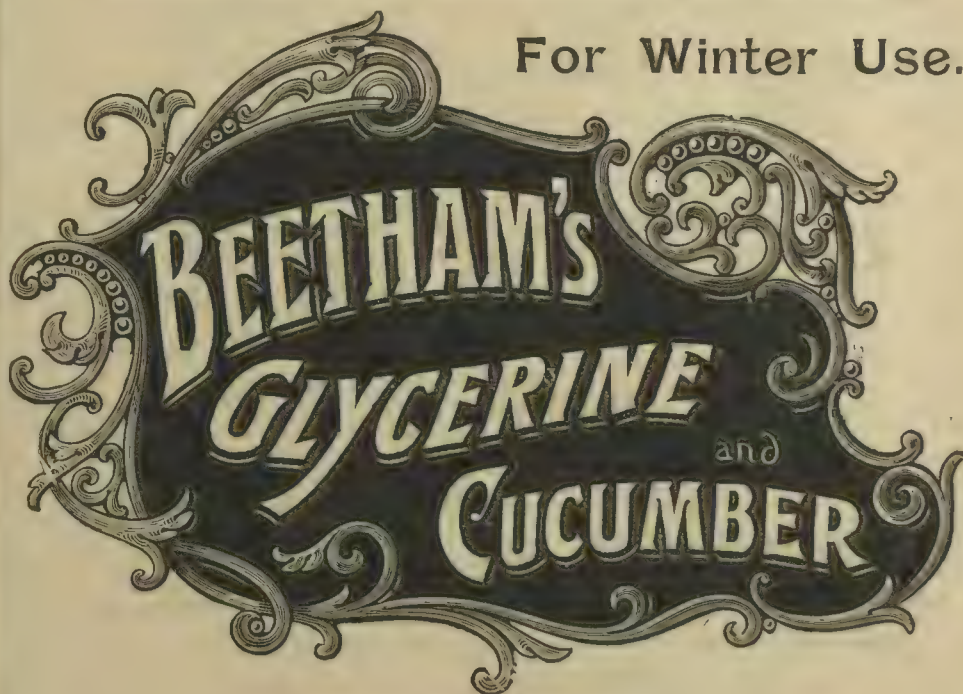
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 25, 1894), with a codicil (dated April 2, 1895), of Sir William FitzHerbert, Bart., of Tissington Hall, Derby, who died on Oct. 12, was proved on Feb. 16 at the Derby District Registry by Sir Richard FitzHerbert, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £203,168. The testator gives an annuity of £500 to his daughter Agnes Rebekah Martin; £200 per annum to his nephew the Rev. James FitzHerbert for so long as he shall remain Vicar of Tissington; and his estate called "Perrins," in the Island of Jamaica, together with the mill, machinery, plant, crops, live and dead stock, to his nephew Godfrey White FitzHerbert. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son absolutely.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Renfrew, of the general trust disposition and settlement (dated Nov. 29, 1895), of Mr. Henry Christian Lobnitz, of Clarence House, Renfrew, engineer and ship-builder, who died on Dec. 18, granted to Frederick Lobnitz, the son, William Andrew Young, and Alexander Fullerton, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Feb. 27, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £89,523.

The will (dated Aug. 2, 1895), with a codicil (dated Nov. 5, 1895), of Mr. Philip William Godsal, of Iscoed Park, near Whitechurch, Salop, who died on Dec. 2, was proved on Feb. 26 by Major Philip Thomas Godsal, the

son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £85,826. The testator gives £300 to his wife Helen Jane Godsal; £2000 to his son William Charles Godsal; £2180 to his son Byam Martin Godsal; £3000, upon trust, for his daughter Mary Godsal, for life, or until she marries, and then to his son Philip Thomas Godsal, and £13 per annum each to his workmen Samuel Jackson and Edward Pockets. Subject to the life interest of Joseph Wells, he appoints the sum of £8000 Consols as to one eighth each to his wife and his children, Philip Thomas, William Charles, Frederick William, Edward Hugh, Herbert, Byam Martin, and Mary. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son Philip Thomas Godsal.

The will (dated July 24, 1896) of Mr. Andrew Melville Robbins, otherwise Andrew Melville, of 56, Regency Square, Brighton, theatrical proprietor, who died on Aug. 2 at Swansea, was proved on Feb. 26 by Mrs. Alice Jane Robbins, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £80,517 16s. 8d. The testator gives £10 per week to his father, George Melville Robbins, and subject thereto leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then as she shall appoint to his issue.

The will (dated June 17, 1890), with a codicil (dated Aug. 29 following), of Mr. James Hopgood, J.P., of South Side, Clapham Common, who died on Feb. 2, was proved on Feb. 26 by John Hopgood, the brother, and Cecil Dowson, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £75,405. The testator bequeaths

£2000 to the British and Foreign Unitarian Association (Essex Street, Strand); £1000 to the Royal Free Hospital (Gray's Inn Road); £1000 each to his executors; his house in Berwick Street, Pimlico, and £4000 to his late wife's cousin, Ellen Southam; and £100 each to his coachman, William Collis, and his gardener, James Wright, if they shall be in his employ at the time of his decease. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his brothers and sisters in equal shares.

The will (dated July 25, 1896) of Mr. Charles Crocker, of 51, Friday Street, E.C., who died on Nov. 8, was proved on Feb. 20 by Jonathan Crocker and Arthur William Crocker, the brothers and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £71,254. The testator bequeaths £1000 and all his jewellery, household furniture, and effects, carriages and horses, to his wife, Mrs. Grace Emily Crocker; and £1000 to his son Charles Edward Goodlake Crocker. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held upon trust for five years from the time of his decease, to pay one moiety of the income to his wife, and the other moiety to his son when he shall attain the age of twenty-five, and until then to his wife. At the expiration of five years, one half of his residuary estate is to go to his wife, the other half to his son.

The will (dated Nov. 20, 1895) of the Right Hon. James Charles Herbert Welbore Ellis, third Earl of Normanton, of Somerley, Ringwood, Hants, and 22, Ennismore Gardens, who died on Dec. 19, was proved on March 3 by

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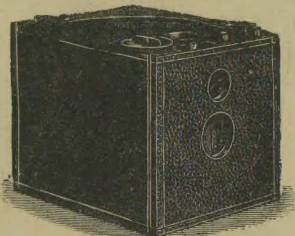
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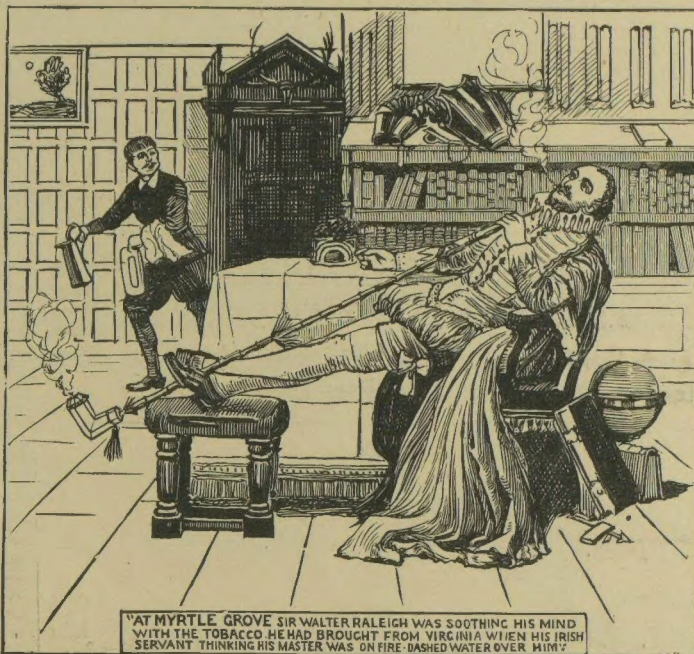
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The will (dated July 7, 1893) of Mr. Kenneth Robert Murchison, J.P., D.L., of Brockhurst, East Grinstead, and 116, Park Street, Grosvenor Square, who died on Jan. 29, was proved on Feb. 26 by Mrs. Harriet Isabella Murchison, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £27,097. The testator gives all his property and effects, whatsoever and wheresoever, to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Dec. 15, 1893) of General the Hon. Sir St. George Gerald Foley, K.C.B., Commander of the Legion of Honour, of 24, Bolton Street, Piccadilly, who died on Jan. 24, was proved on Feb. 25 by Henry St. George Foley, the son, and the Rev. John Colville

Morton Mansel-Pleydell, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £12,467. He gives his furniture and household effects to his wife, Augusta Selina, Lady Foley, and she is to have the use, for life, of his plate; and £100 to the Rev. John Colville Morton Mansel-Pleydell. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for Lady Foley for life. At her death £5000 is to be paid to his son Cyril, and the ultimate residue to his son Henry.

The will (dated July 10, 1849) of General Sir Robert Phayre, G.C.B., who died on Jan. 28 last, has been proved by Dame Diana Bunbury Phayre, his wife, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £1215.

DEATH.

On March 1, suddenly, at Dulwich House, Cardiff, Colonel Charles Harrison Page, son of the late Samuel Page, Esq., of Dulwich, Surrey, aged seventy years.

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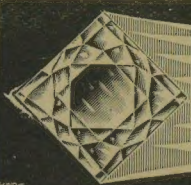
Of all Chemists and Perfumers' throughout the World, 2s. 6d. per Bottle.



## THE GENUINE EAU DE QUININE

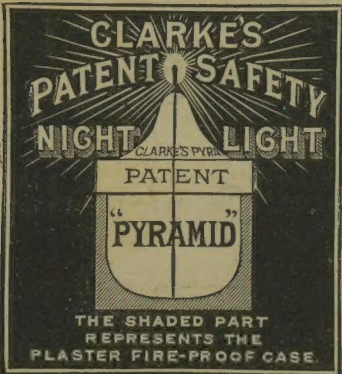
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**BEST HAIR TONIC**  
A POSITIVE DANDRUFF CURE  
A BEAUTIFIER — AN INDISPENSABLE TOILET LUXURY  
ED. PINAUD'S EAU de QUININE prevents the hair from falling off  
**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS**

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**DIAMONDS, PEARLS, GOLD JEWELLERY, PLATE MEDALS, &c.**  
*Spink & Son*  
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ESTD 1772  
VALUED PURCHASED or EXCHANGED  
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Jewels Gold, &c., may be sent per Registered Post in absolute safety, and are returned at once, post free, if offer be not accepted.



Single Wicks. In Boxes containing 8 Lights, to burn 8 hours; or 12 Lights, to burn 6 hours.

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HORROR."

FAR, FAR AND AWAY  
THE BEST.

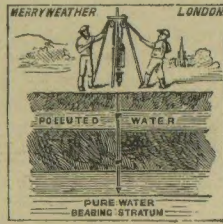
Should be lighted in a front and back room in every house as soon as it is dark.

N.B.—No paraffin or other dangerous material used in the manufacture. No water required.  
"Pyramid" and "Fairy" Lights are the only Lights that can safely be Burned in Lamps.

Sold by all respectable dealers everywhere. Manufactured by CLARKE'S PYRAMID AND FAIRY LIGHT COMPANY, Ltd., Cricklewood, London, N.W., where all Letters should be addressed.

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WELLS BORED.  
WATER PURIFIED & TESTED.

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**TESTIMONIAL.**  
A Customer writes—  
"The Merryweather Red Garden Hose supplied nearly ten years ago is still in use, and is most satisfactory."

**WATER FOUND.**

**WELLS BORED.**

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Inventors and Sole Makers,

**PATENT "EN ROUTE" TEA BASKET**

INDISPENSABLE TO ALL TRAVELLING ON THE CONTINENT

2-PERSON SIZE AS SKETCH {with Kettle Silver-Plated, £2 17s. 6d.

{all Fittings Silver-Plated, £4 10s.

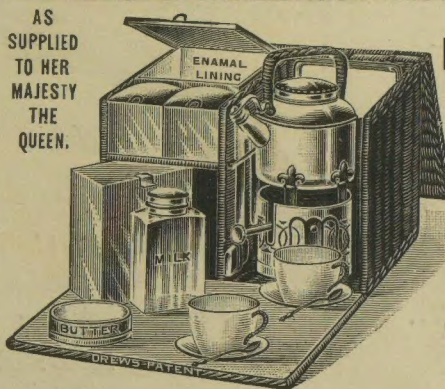
4-PERSON SIZE {with Kettle Silver-Plated, £4 14s.

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Silver-Plated Saucepan, if required, Two persons, 10s. 6d. extra. Four persons, 14s. extra. Fits under Kettle.

N.B.—In consequence of the many cheap imitations put on the market to profit by the fame of Drew's "En Route," CUSTOMERS ARE ADVISED TO SEND THEIR ORDERS WITH REMITTANCE DIRECT, or if the order is sent through an agent care should be taken to see that the Basket is of DREW AND SONS' PATENT MAKE, AND FITTED WITH THEIR PATENT ADJUSTABLE SAFETY LAMP AND REGISTERED STOVE AND KETTLE.

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FOR FIRST CLASS DENTISTRY.

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MOST DELICIOUS, NUTRITIOUS

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The most Efficacious  
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It is sold by all Chemists, in capsuled Imperial Half-pints, 2/6; Pints, 4/9; Quarts, 9/-.  
See Testimonials surrounding each Bottle.

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BRONCHITIS, and NEURALGIA.**

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of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and  
he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See "Times,"  
July 13, 1894.

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he had received information to the effect that the only remedy  
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Dec. 31, 1893.

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CHLORODYNE is the best and most certain remedy in  
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CHLORODYNE is a certain cure in Cholera, Dysentery,  
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CHLORODYNE—CAUTION.—None genuine without the  
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When you see coming down the road  
among a lot of little lights one that  
looks like a runaway bonfire, that's the

### 20TH CENTURY BICYCLE LAMP

and if the wind blow or the  
road be rough and you see the  
lesser lights go out one by one  
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HAVE TAKEN HONOURS WHEREVER SHOWN.

Paris, 1878; Sydney, 1879 and 1880; Melbourne, 1880 and 1881; and  
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"THE GUN OF THE PERIOD." TRADE MARK REGISTERED.

Cross-Bolt Actions, same price as my  
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Established 1850.  
Telegraphic Address:  
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We are now making the annexed well-known and tried Gun as a  
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Prevents the Hair from falling off.

Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL

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Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin

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Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER

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OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

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FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY this Powder, has  
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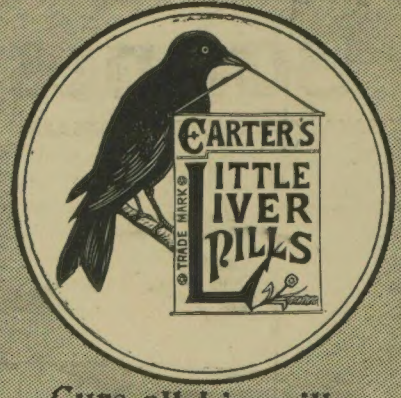
### GODDARD'S FURNITURE CREAM.

For Cleaning and Polishing all kinds of Cabinet Furniture.  
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SIX GOLD MEDALS AWARDED.

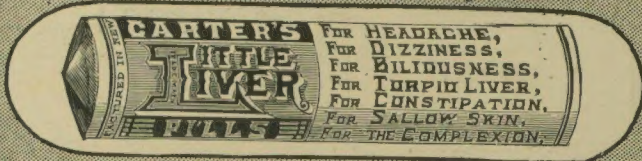
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1s. 1½d.  
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Cure all Liver ills.

Exact size and shape of Package.



Wrapper printed blue on white.

Cure Torpid Liver, Sallow Complexion,  
Bilious Headache.

BUT BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are sometimes counterfeited. It is not enough to ask for  
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the outside wrapper, otherwise the pills within cannot be genuine.  
Do not take any nameless "Little Liver Pills" that may be offered. But be sure  
they are CARTER'S

Small Pill.

Small Dose.

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It  
Never Fails.  
ESTAB. 22 YEARS.  
Have you a Cough?  
A DOSE WILL RELIEVE IT.  
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A DOSE AT BEDTIME WILL REMOVE IT.  
Try it also for  
Whooping-Cough, for Asthma,  
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"My wife has used it regularly for nearly nine months, and as far as we can judge, it has  
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"B. P. OLUCK, Redland, Bristol."

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BE SURE YOU GET IT.

"I am more than thankful for the relief I have obtained from your Lung Tonic. A few doses  
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OWBRIDGE'S EMBROCATION.

It is much safer, more effective,  
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Prepared by

W. T. OWBRIDGE, Chemist, Hull.

Sold everywhere  
in bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d.,  
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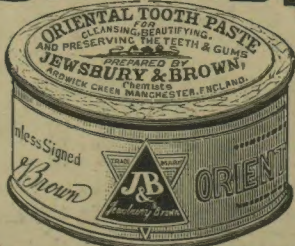
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WHITE SOUND TEETH.

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Used in All Countries for  
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CAUTION.—Beware of Counter-  
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## GOUT and Rheumatism.

The DEAN OF CARLISLE writes:  
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simple and easy of application. I was cured completely, and after  
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Free to any part of  
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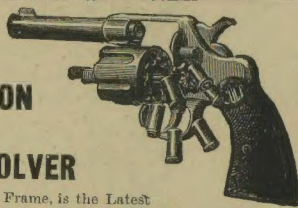
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They at once check the Cough  
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